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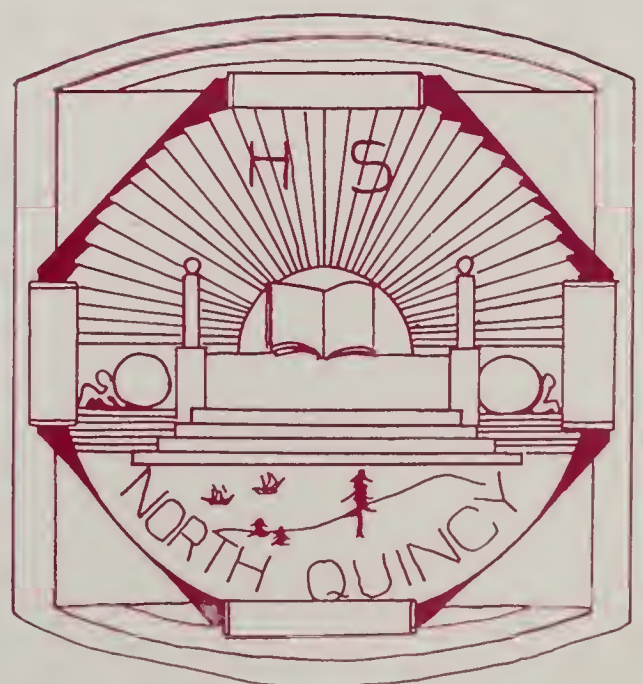
for 1940

JAMES S. COLLINS

James S. Collins



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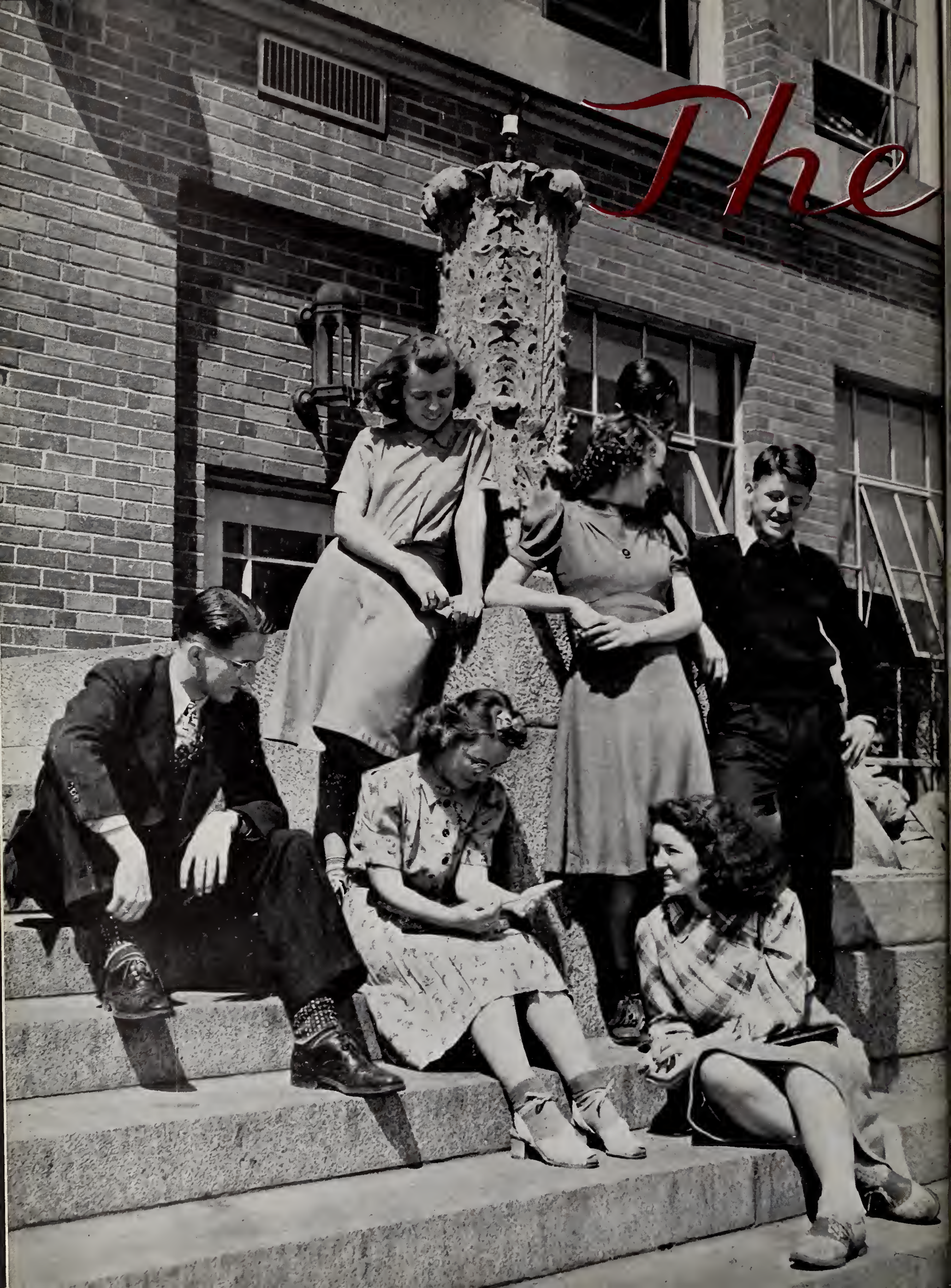
The Senior Class of

North Quincy High

presents



The



mnnet

for 1940

*Published by the
Senior Class
North Quincy High School
Quincy, Mass.*

Honoring

Scholarship without pedantry.

Wit, caustic and pointed, without bitterness.

*Humor, wise enough to include self—. He
brings to his task standards of education
which he will not surrender or compromise;
to his ideals, loyalty which becomes the
inspiration of youth.*

To him,

This Issue is Dedicated



Frank Smoyer



Mr. James S. Collins
Principal

MR. COLLINS' MESSAGE

What a thrill the Yearbook must give the Seniors each year! To see, almost at a glance, the composite of all of the individual and group aspects of the class must present a picture of school life that will be cherished for years to come.

Among the important factors are not only various honors and achievements, but the invaluable treasure of friendships, the greatest asset in the world.

*"Wealth, success and all the honors
that one can obtain do not com-
pare with the happiness and pride
of having one good loyal friend."*

It is well that your high school days have been so complete that the pleasures of goodly fellowship have been your privilege.

May they ever be a part of your lives, as pictured throughout the leaves of this book.

Mr. Frank E. MacDonald
Assistant Principal



DEPARTMENTAL
 HEADS

Aldolphus Alexander
Language

Frank L. Bridges
Science

Melvin C. Jack
Commercial

George A. Phillips
Counseling

Frank Smoyer
English

Frances Allbright
 Mrs. Helen W. Baker
 Rhoda M. Barnicoat
 Harry A. Beede
 Agnes E. Berry
 Dorothy M. Beesley

Selina K. Bradley
 Mrs. Helen A. Carroll
 Frederic J. Christianson
 Ruth N. Christman
 George S. Clark
 Myra Colby
 M. Louise Connick
 Raymond M. Coolidge
 Ethel C. Crockett
 Marjorie E. Currier
 John J. Donahue
 Lylian E. Eko
 Ellen E. Fagerlund
 Ruth S. Ferguson
 Jane Ferris
 Louise D. Fifield
 Beatrice V. Fitts
 Margaret M. Flavin
 Harriet M. Fogg
 Harold F. Forest
 Joseph G. Foy
 Berlin C. French

Alma W. Glidden
 Myrtle F. Goeres
 Helen A. Gooch
 Lillian M. Gormley
 Marion R. Gurney
 John S. Hofferty
 Katherine F. Horrigan
 Graton G. Howland
 Edith Howlett
 Helen J. Hunt
 Olive W. Hunt
 Ruth H. Leavitt
 Lucy U. Marr
 Ruth Meisner
 Astrid Moline
 John J. Mullarkey
 Minerva M. Nickerson
 Grace C. Parker
 Virginia C. Peck
 Mable F. Pratt
 Russell I. Rayner
 Grace E. Reilly

Marion B. Reinhardt
 Laroy C. Rogers
 Elizabeth Savage
 Merle C. Sawyer
 Elizabeth P. Sherman
 Mabel J. Smith
 Miriam Starr
 Ruth C. Stevens
 Helvi J. Sundelin
 Gwendolyn M. Swanson
 Julius Sylvia
 Margaret F. Thompson
 Sara Tolchinsky
 Eileen H. Tufts
 Mrs. Margaret Turner
 Lottie E. Warren
 Walter H. Warriner
 Roberta Webstersmith
 A. Donald West
 Marjorie White
 Ella Wilcox
 Marie E. Youngerman

Foreword

Ode

How wrong are they who say that life is short;
They limit it with days and months and years.
How much of all life's fullness do they miss
Fretted away in idleness and tears!

Always searching, always learning something new,
Different ways of doing ancient tasks,
Striving patiently to see the other's view
True beauty and perfection life unmasks.

The world lies waiting for youth's fresh'ning touch
In richest promise lastingly endowed,
And we step forth to make the promise true,
To face the future with our strength unbowed.

Dorothy Whiston

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2nd Semester

Events During the



First Semester...



Introduction to First Semester

SENIORS, awake and arise all you club fiends, sports hounds, and onlookers—'tis the first semester of your year book. I hear some gentle voices piping through the air, "Oh, goody I'm in this part," while others sob, 'O'h, dear, I'm left out.'" But never fear gentle reader we won't leave you out. Let us walk about the building and in our first semester lo! we find the band and orchestra, not forgetting the Glee Club, our faithful and everpresent musical groups. And peeking around that corner we see the candid camera fiends of the Photography Club, who, perhaps, are photographing the talented stars of the Class Play. Of course, all those girls wandering around couldn't be anything but the Girls' Club, busily engaged in getting ready for the Semi-formal Dance. But, ah, what's this sudden noise? No need to worry, just look at the happy faces—it's the joint meeting of the Hi-Y and Tri-Hi-Y Clubs. At lunch we see various students hither and yon, wiping off table,

what else but the cafeteria squad? and other students gently but firmly repelling students who would drop papers on the ground—what else but the Grounds patrol? The solemn group of males and females who diligently ponder over problems of state, are the members of the Student Council. If we transport our minds by hard concentration to scenes beyond our school we see the happy, hard-hitting members of the Horseback Riding Club, and down by the Briny Deep, we find North's Sailing Club as they gallantly find "a Life on the Ocean Wave." As we are about to leave the building, we suddenly realize our need for a good book and we are assisted in finding one by the cheerful members of the Library Staff and as we leave, we are politely escorted to the door by the members of the Traffic Squad always on the alert to help. We wish we might continue our wanderings but time flies and we must depart.



FOOTBALL

THE past season has been a most successful one for North's football team quite to the amazement of all. So successful was it, in fact, that the team won the South Shore Championship. This was no doubt a surprise even to the coach, Mr. Donahue who predicted that the boys would be lucky to win half of their scheduled games.

The attitude of doubtfulness with which the team was looked upon by the student body seemed to be justifiable at the outset of the season. There were only four veterans on the team and every other boy was a newcomer. When lined up against certain of their opponents, it looked like eleven Davids in red and black defiantly facing eleven Goliaths. However, the team had brains, and were fast. They used the tactics of a car in preference to the methods of a steam-roller.

It took plenty of good hard work on the practice field to get the co-ordina-

tion, teamwork, and skill which this year's Eleven showed. Coached by Mr. Donahue who was assisted by Mr. Mullarkey, and led by their Captain, George Hurley, the team won seven games out of the nine they played.

With five straight victories under its belt, the team appeared to be tempting the hand of Fate a bit too far. At least it received a set back of two defeats but won its last two games.



South Shore Champs

It was with a cozy sigh of satisfaction that everyone at North greeted our team's victory over Quincy in the annual friendly little squabble between the two teams. With a score of

6 to 0, it was truly thrilling the way North's "thin red line" held against the smashing thrusts of the Quiney boys who were out for a touchdown with blood in their eyes. When the game was over, it was really delightful to see the facial expressions of the first ones to grasp the goal posts, only to find them freshly painted red and black. Yankee ingenuity soon overcame this, however, and down came the posts and began their journey back to the school.

At the close of the season, the team retired with the well earned praises of all who are loyal to North ringing in their ears.

CROSS COUNTRY

CROSS COUNTRY has been for some years a top ranking sport here at North. Those familiar with the sport will realize it is one of the most gruelling of all athletic activities. The mere thought of galloping around a course of nearly two and one-half miles is quite sufficient to turn most of the fellows from this sport with cries of—"Ha! not for me." However, North is fortunate in always having a number of plucky lads who aspire to approximate the

deeds of Pheidippides, the one man telegraph system of ancient Greece who ran thrice one hundred forty miles with news of great government importance.

Mr. Alexander is the sponsor of the group, having assumed the task of managing their activities, arranging for competitive meets and acting as the guiding light and morale bolsterer. The actual coaching is done by one of the more experienced boys, Charley Perkins.

As mentioned before, this sport is really hard on the participators. Practice three or four times a week on courses up to two miles or so in length is a real grind, productive of barrel chests and wasp waists. The boys' attitude is good, they are out for the sport because they like it, and are willing to work hard for the sake of victory.

The past season, the team participated in seven meets, tasting the fruits of victory in three and—well, look at Napoleon. North's Cross Country team is a hard working unit, boasting its share of letter men, and holding its own wherever it goes. It deserves our thanks and congratulations.





CHEER LEADERS

JUST before the football season every year, almost every afternoon for a week, North's gym rings with cheers. No, you're wrong. It's not people cheering at a turtle race. It's North's cheerleaders. These peppy girls and (heaven forbid that we should forget) boys, are the mainstay of athletic events. At exciting moments one hardly knows whether they're on the ground or off it, the way they leap in the air and in the dull moments they keep the rest of us poor hoarse spectators on our feet cheering for "Fight, fight, Team, fight." These cheery (ooh, pun!) lads and lassies are under the direction of Mr. Harold Forrest. He, on some fine September afternoon, with infinite patience, watches the young hopefuls go through back-breaking and skirt-splitting exercises in the gym and then with much relief selects the best and starts in on the next bit of fun-training them to be "all that they are and hope to be." However, all kidding aside, this group does a **GRAND** piece of work, we'd be lost

without them, and right now they're the ones who deserve the cheers.

BOWLING

THE days have long since past when bowlers wore their brass knuckles to the alleys, and bowling is rapidly becoming one of the most popular sports, enjoyed by all. Here at North there are some boys and a large number of girls who have formed a team under the sponsorship of Mr. Sylvia.

On three evenings during each week they practice diligently. The group is too large to be accommodated in less time. At the bowling alley they call into play all of their skill, each one hoping that some day he may reach that mythical three hundred, the highest score in the game.

In April the team participates in a Bowling Tournament, where they will be given a real chance to show their wares. That will be the day for our experts, with their hook-balls and their strikes, and we hope they carry off due share of laurels.



BASKETBALL

NORTH'S basketball team has had a fair season, winning nine games and losing eight. The team had one veteran player, and the remaining men were new. With all the team graduating this year, there is some doubt as to what the next year's team will be like.

promising record of six wins, but then defeat reared her ugly head and the next six games went with the wind.

Basketball is a very fast game, depending a great deal on team work and co-ordination. To win nine games from evenly matched opponents is a feat worthy of praise. Anyone who



Mr. Mullarkey coached the team as usual and its captain was Tom Underwood. Like the football team, the basketball team started off with the

has tried to flip a basketball into a basket which seems to have the power to sidestep the ball while some excited lad tries to confuse the issue with

rapidly flailing arms will appreciate the previous statement. In any case they did their job well, piling up as high as 52 points in one game; and so another basketball season, the last for many of us at North, is but a memory.

shooting such sport. You never know what you have till it's too late to make a change.

Unlike a football or basketball game, a shooting match does not seem to draw spectators, which is probably just as well. There is little to see, and



THE RIFLE TEAM

THIS year marks the first that our rifle team has won a place for itself among the varsity sports. Mr. Beede has undertaken the task of managing the team. This is a job requiring patience and time. The boys started out with the idea of having a delightful time blasting away government ammunition at a small cost to themselves. The results were much the same as if we had manned a cannon with grapeshot instead of using a rifle.

Once we had tasted the bitter pangs of inglorious defeat at the hands of the boys in blue and white, the team began to settle down to the task at hand. Soon the effects were noticeable. At one match, the North team burst forth with a score which to say the least amazed all. Unfortunately what goes up must come down, and so did the team, but that is what makes

our nerves are generally pretty jumpy without the aid of an audience. It is none the less, a fine sport, and the team sincerely hopes to become a credit to North.

ARCHERY

I SHOT an arrow into the air; it fell to earth I know not where." How very descriptive of the new comers to North's archery club. In September Mr. Clark is kept busy instructing his new girls in the rudiments of archery. The air is thick with the errant arrows sprung from the bows of would-be archers, and if any arrows at all hit the target it is by accident.

Later in October the club, driven by the cold, retires to the indoor gallery at the Quincy school. There, hid from the eyes of the world, a goodly amount of earnest effort is put towards improvement.



What a difference there is in the group as it begins its spring practice on North's front lawn. All the awkwardness has been overcome. Now North's feminine Robin Hoods are actually keeping score rather than merely counting the number of times they hit the target. Entrance in the archery contest no longer seems impossible. Mr. Clark's encouraging statement of how many girls receive jobs in summer camps no longer seems fantastic.

HORSEBACK RIDING CLUB

HAVE you ever seen girls who sit on the merry-go-round for hours because they love to feel the little wooden horsies go up and down? They're not all infants and feeble-minded, for we have some girls right here at North who love this same feeling. They, however, use real horses and are members of the horseback riding club. These girls spend



one afternoon a week riding up hill and down dale on the broad back of a noble beast to the rollicking tune of "Oh, Give Me a Chair with a Well Padded Seat." The girls conduct a gymkana in which they play games on horseback, after which they have an outdoor supper. Riding is a grand sport and lots of fun. The club's motto might well be, "Ride, laugh, and be merry; for tomorrow we ache."

SWIMMING CLUB

Ducks like water, fish can't live without it and there's another group of life that likes water almost as much as the ducks—that's North's girls. Once a week the members of the swimming club jaunt gaily up to the Quincy Y. M. C. A., for their weekly plunge. They learn to dive, do many different strokes and most important of all to swim! If you should see a sweet young thing swimming at Wollaston Beach and trying to do the backhand stroke face down, why you can tell at once she doesn't go to North. But! If you should see a very skillful swimmer go up to her and show her how to do the stroke the right way—Why, of course, the skillful girl is a member of North's Swimming Club.

GLEE CLUB

GOODNESS! have you ever seen an organization as busy as the Glee Club? It's always on the go. The members got their first taste of "mike fright" at the Thanksgiving broadcast. Presto, chango into a piece of white cloth and the glee club and chorus become a cathedral choir which gave a Christmas program in the auditorium.

The Glee Club did something different for a production this year. It was a cantata "Joan of Arc" with feature singers as soloists. Blanche Haskell, Graton Howland, and Walter Kidder were these soloists.

On the heels of this performance came the State and New England music festivals. Oh, how hard it was to get up and take a bus in the vicinity of 6:00. After such hard and long days the members agreed that it had been worth all the work put into it. Because they were in class A they had plenty of competition.

Having recovered from such feverish activity, said organization found that school was all over. How did the year go so fast? That is the question all the busy members of the Glee Club are asking.





BAND

AS LITTLE Johnny Appleseed, the newest little seventh grader at North, comes out of the school door one afternoon, he is confronted by an astounding spectacle. Naturally he stops to look, for this will be a new sight to write about in his shiny new diary. Row upon row of marching red and white uniforms confront him, each holding in its upraised arms an instrument. No, it's not the Good Humor men ringing their bells—it's North's band rehearsing its marching and playing. Johnny gazes in awe and blissful thoughts fill his mind of the day when he too will be marching at football games, playing at basketball games, perhaps playing a solo at the excellent concert the Band gives every year, and even better yet—being a member of the band when, under Miss Ruth Chrisman, its director, it wins its "A" rating at the State and New England Music Festivals. A sudden rush and tumble awakes Johnny from his dream and informs him that rehearsal is over. Picking up his nice, easy-reading books, "Johnny Comes Marching Home Again" and greets his mother with, "Ma, kin I play a instrument in the

band?" even after all his English lessons. To all you other Johnny Appleseeds, practise hard and some day you will be proud to say that you are a member of the North Quincy High School Band.

ORCHESTRA

THURSDAY night is orchestra night at North. In 402 under the direction of Miss Ruth Christman, the orchestra spends long hours evolving the tuneful pieces which we less talented scholars hear at assemblies and other gatherings.

There are certain times in the year, however, when the regular Thursday night practice periods expand. The orchestra, moved by a natural love of music and an unnatural love of work, may be heard any day in the week perfecting pieces for the State and New England Music Festivals. The time seems not to have been spent in vain for North has always received a high rating at these festivals.

Many hours are also spent with the Glee Club in producing North's annual musical presentation. This year the production was in the form of a cantata "Joan of Arc," a new undertaking for North, and one well received.



DRUM MAJORS

REMEMBER those smart looking girls in front of the Band at football games doing the most amazing things with their batons? Remember! who could forget those snappy girls? The competition for the coveted positions was keen—twelve girls for five vacancies.

Perhaps you don't realize that the

drum majors do more than appear at football games. They went to the festivals and gave a novelty number in the Band concert.

In order to perpetuate this corps of drum majors, a class was started at school with 30 members. The future looks very bright for the peppy group of girls who lend such color to the band.





STRING ENSEMBLE

QUESTION: What music organization has played for many school and outside activities including both junior and senior high schools? Answer: The string ensemble. Leave several stringed instruments including violins, violas, and 'cellos with some of us and you might wonder what animals have been let out of the zoo. But take those same instruments and put them into the hands of eleven junior girls and put Miss Beesly at the head and you have harmony pleasing to the ear. A detailed list of the times this ensemble has played would include Senior Class Play, Christmas program, Girls' Club Christmas assembly and other junior and senior high assemblies. Outside of school they have played for the Chamber of Commerce, Parent-Teachers' Associations, and Bethany Congregational Church. Those of us who cannot play music can at least appreciate it when played by this group.

GIRLS' CLUB

EVERY senior girl maybe a member of the Girls' Club at North. This is a sort of a tradition. Each year an observer new to the school might well

think he had wandered into a lunatic asylum by mistake as he sees girls in every conceivable queer looking outfit and usually carrying dolls, wandering about the building. This, fortunately, occurs only on one day a year and is the day on which the eleventh grade girls are initiated as members. The Girls' Club donates its services in preparing Christmas and Thanksgiving Baskets which are given to the poor at these two holidays. The girls also hold roller-skating parties at which most of the members skate sitting down. No, it's not a new method which they have originated, but merely the result of the wheels on the skates being so slippery, (at least that's their excuse). The semi-formal dance held every year is the high-light of the year and more than one languishing female girds on her armor



Tickets, please!



and the hand in the velvet glove becomes the fist in the iron mitten as each girl hunts through corridor and underbrush for any shy male who may be uninvited to the dance. Then, too, Miss Crockett, the Girls' Club adviser, runs a "Date Bureau." If her room is crowded after school it's not because the girls are forced to do home-work during school hours. They're just girls looking for the name of a boy who might help them in a little after school work. (Extra curricular, eh boys?) The Girls' Club is one of the largest organizations at North and the grand bunch of girls that belong to it do a grand piece of work every year and deserve a large vote of appreciation.

LIBRARY STAFF

"MEET you in the library after school."—"Got to look up something about Democracy." These and other remarks are heard constantly in and about the corridors of North. How lucky we are to be able to talk about our library and to have the use of it. However, we must not only think of the library as a pleasant room filled with books and magazines but also think of those who help to keep it such a pleasing and beneficial place.

The library staff consisting of members from grades 9 through 12 assists Miss Sherman in keeping the library an efficient and helpful unit. Each group has its own special duty which is either keeping the shelves in order, working during study periods, making out permit slips, or checking books in or out. The staff also takes care of the bulletin board, new books, and magazines, and when we read them we scarcely think of the planning which is necessary to give us interesting material all the time. Besides their regular duties many members of the staff work on a series of contracts and others keep notebooks containing interesting and educational clippings from newspapers. These projects teach them more about the library and how to be better members of the staff.

Then there are the social aspects of the library staff. Each year the staff visits some other school library and entertains that staff in return. In this way many new ideas are exchanged. There is always the annual Christmas party held in the library and this year the staff is planning to have a Mothers' Tea. In the spring there is an outdoor picnic and food is cooked over an open fire.



TRI-HI-Y

Perhaps some Thursday evening you've had a chance to go by the Quincy Y. M. C. A. If you have, you'll certainly have noticed the sparkling array of pretty girls on their way inside. No—there you're wrong. There aren't any beauty contests being held and it's not a convention of the prettiest girls in the state—it's the members of the Tri-Hi-Y. This is an all-girl organization

under the direction of Mr. James Hardy and Miss Ruth Stevens. The girls hold meetings twice a month and conduct their meetings so well that you might think you were in a well ordered session of Congress (except, of course, no one's asleep). The members take field trips to other cities and have a yearly banquet with the Hi-Y. On the whole, North thinks they're a grand bunch of girls and that they do a grand job.





CLASS PLAY

The Goose Hangs High

Lewis Beach

Cast

<i>Bernard Ingals</i>	Frank Flynn
<i>Eunice Ingals</i>	Barbara Everson
<i>Noel Derby</i>	Wallace Patstone
<i>Leo Day</i>	Walter McCarthy
<i>Rhoda</i>	Mary Danckert
<i>Julia Murdoch</i>	Lois Dwight
<i>Mrs. Bradley</i>	Grace Connick
<i>Hugh Ingals</i>	Lester Groke
<i>Ronald Murdoch</i>	Melvin Carter
<i>Lois Ingals</i>	Eleanore Quimby
<i>Bradley Ingals</i>	Philip Posey
<i>Dagmar Carroll</i>	Phyllis Favorite
<i>Elliott Kimberley</i>	Alfred Henriksen

EVERY year a few students elected from the senior class by virtue of their acting ability present a Senior Class Play. This play is coached by Mr. John Hofferty. The Class of 1940 presented "The Goose Hangs High." Every afternoon from the time rehearsals start until they end, the auditorium may be heard resounding with directions, cues, dramatically proclaimed speeches and repeats of the same in a less dramatic tone. After rehearsals, the "bloody but unbowed" actors and actresses wend their way homeward determined (and

rightly so) that their play will be the best to date. This year's cast did an excellent piece of work and had a great time doing it. They attended other school plays in a body as well as being given the privilege of going in a group to see Miss Helen Hayes in one of her stage plays. The cast every year does a grand job and for next year's cast—a formula for success: Hard work plus enjoyment plus J. Hofferty equals a swell play!

YOUTH CONCERTS

DIDN'T you like that haunting melody in the second movement?" "Yes, but I preferred the snappy third movement." No, it's not a conversation between critics, but two music-minded North students who have just attended one of the six symphony concerts in Boston. If you prefer Benny Goodman and his swing band to a Mendelssohn concerto, we wouldn't recommend these concerts. But if you have always wanted to hear purely for enjoyment some of the great composers' works with interesting comments, these concerts are just what you are looking for. Mr. Beckett, the conductor, knows how to interpret music from youth's point of view. These Youth Concerts are new



in this country so, of course, North is right "in there." If you have seen a special bus one Wednesday afternoon a month leaving the school with a group of happy and expectant students and wondered where they were going, you at last have the answer, to Symphony Hall.

TRAFFIC SQUAD

A VISITOR to North might at first wonder about the stolid, stalwart figures spaced along the corridors during passing periods. But they

are well known to North High students as the traffic squad, that gifted group which can so readily change its jovial "Hi, there!" to a sterner "No down traffic on this stairway!"

The traffic squad is one of the most outstanding organizations at North. The members are selected for character and scholarship. Their aim is service to the school. Each floor has its captain and also a faculty supervisor. The whole squad is under the supervision of a head captain and our assistant principal, Mr. MacDonald.



MOTION PICTURE OPERATOR'S CLUB

DID you know that there are people who know how to thread film in a motion picture camera?—who know what to do when the film breaks, or when the camera won't focus? The motion picture operator's club, with its sponsor, Mr. Christianson, makes a hobby of delving into the construction and operation of the

motion picture camera.

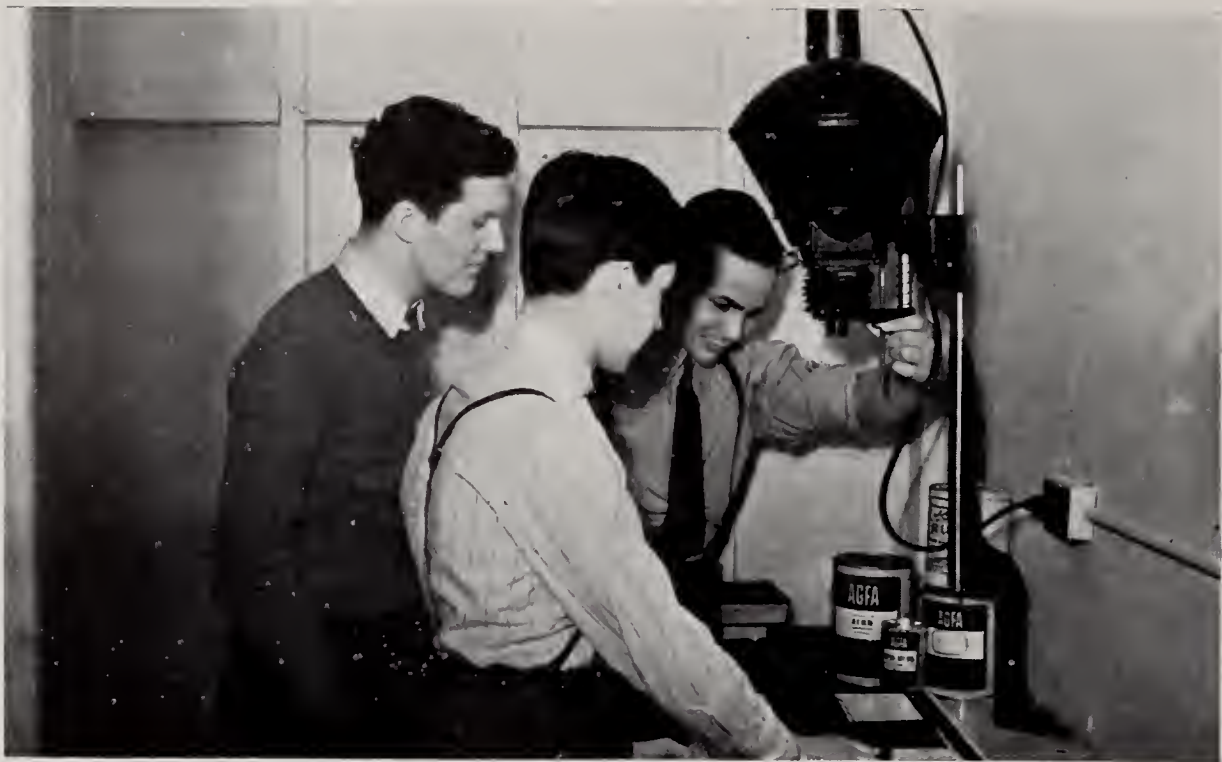
The group is an active one. It assisted in the production of our never to be forgotten courtesy film. Its members are available for running educational films in classrooms where there is a lack of mechanical skill. A good part of the school enjoyed, at a minimum price, the two feature length sound films presented by the club. To this progressive group we give our commendations and a challenge—technicolor.



THE PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB

FOR all those budding young photographers who wish to spend their time on their backs, stomachs, or heads taking pictures of hairpins, soda straws and general views, North has a Photography Club. This club meets once a week under the genial supervision of Mr. Berlin C. French. Almost any Monday afternoon if you sneak quietly up to Room 430 you will find mysterious pictures being developed and even more mysterious

ones being taken. The club has many fine members whose pride and joy is in such things as enlargements of Mt. Washington or their neighbor's ice-cream soda. The members enter their work in contests and a few pictures have even appeared in the newspapers. So, if anyone is interested in learning to tell the difference between the parts of the camera and which solution will "fix" the picture and which will make it come out pretty well, go up and join the Photography Club.



CAFETERIA SQUAD

THE cafeteria squad, under the guidance of Mr. Warriner, assumes as its responsibility the task of keeping the school cafeteria neat and tidy. But it is more than just a "clean up" squad. The cafeteria squad tries to instill in the pupils' minds ideals of neatness and courtesy. In this way, not only is the cafeteria automatically kept neater, but also the pupils benefit from this bit of extra curricular education.

With so many pupils to supervise,

one can readily see that the qualifications for membership on the cafeteria squad are numerous. An eagle eye is a prime requisite for ferreting out hidden milk stoppers. A supple body is useful in picking up abandoned silverware from the floor. A strong will power is necessary to withstand the pleas of "If you let me take it out, I'll promise to eat the whole of it, core and all." Never the less, notwithstanding the difficulties, the cafeteria squad has done a fine job in keeping our eating place presentable.





STUDENT COUNCIL

THE Student Council is one of the finest examples of our principal's theory of student participation in school management. The Council has kept busy as bees at such work as planning assemblies, discussing and solving school problems, conducting necessary class votes, and preparing the list of traffic officers for the coming year. In addition to its regular duties, this year's Student Council has taken on the extra work of revising North's handbooks. You remember those compact red and black book-

lets without which you wouldn't even wonder what was in the trophy case directly at the head of the main stairway.

Going on the assumption that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, the Student Council held a successful sport dance in January. Some of its members also attended the convention of Student Councils this year when school problems in general were discussed. We were proud that the Council could report that North compared very favorably with other schools around us.

GROUNDS PATROL

Perhaps it would afford one a few moments of savage amusement if he were to muse upon what might happen if there were no Grounds Patrol here at our school. In the winter months all persons passing by, from the genteel to truck drivers, would have to be on guard against soppy snowballs, thrown their way by accident of course. In the Spring our young Lochinvars would have the lawn as full of ruts as the Oregon Trail from galloping gleefully across it. And the grounds in general would look like Coney Island after a busy day.



Susie, Queue



Fortunately Mr. Sylvia's Grounds Patrol is continually on the job, keeping lunch papers inside the building and keeping those with the wanderlust inside the boundaries, etc. When a member of the Patrol sweetly requests that one move his baggage off the lawn, it is good politics to comply peacefully, else the school day suddenly become an hour longer than usual for the offender.

It is Grounds Patrol, on duty at each lunch period, which prevents our otherwise quite sedate student body from turning the school grounds into a wild west rodeo, complete with hoof marks, pop-bottles, and ice cream sticks.

ASSEMBLIES in the twelfth grade were all too often unwelcome. All announcements of the retraction of our precious study periods were met with groans and sighs of despair. A speaker's worth was judged, rather by his ability to make us forget momentarily our unfinished homework, than by his oratorical powers. And any assembly that called us from our classes, or occasioned a class discussion afterwards, was, in our estimation, a worthy project.

In all fairness, however, we must admit that a number of programs were entirely enjoyable. At Halloween jollity and merriment were provided by the model party held on the stage in the auditorium. Another of the more lively programs was Dr. Major's talk on "Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness." We were particularly fascinated by his *epigrammatical insertions*, such as "Life is one fool thing after another; love is two fool things after each other." Not of the more enjoyable assemblies all were of a humorous turn. The melodie programs given by the Glee Club at Christmas and Thanksgiving found their audiences very responsive.

HI-Y CLUB

IF a sweet, charming young Miss should wish to join the Hi-Y Club would she be accepted? Alas, no, for lo! it is an all boy organization. The boys hold two meetings a month in the Y.M.C.A., at which meetings they have a speaker and entertainment. For a bit of pep, they sometimes even knock down a few defenseless pins with cannon balls, (a new sport called bowling). The most



looked for meeting (or am I wrong) of the year is the joint meeting with the Tri-Hi-Y, the girls' group. Here the boys are friendly hosts or guests as the case may be. At Christmas and Thanksgiving, the boys, like little Red Riding Hood, pack baskets of goodies and carry them to a poor grannie to make her day happy. Because of these boys and their baskets,

the wolf never even gets to first base with grannie's door. The club is under the direction of Mr. James Hardy, who does an excellent job of directing the boys. To all you scoffing gentlemen whom I hear snickering at this group, could it be that you are jealous? You might well be, for it is one of the finest organizations at North.

Events

During the



Second Semester...



Introduction to Second Semester

GREETINGS, guys and gals, your wandering reporter is on your trail again. This time to report the travels of our four "left out groups". As we sit in the corridor watching the world go by, we see upright, stalwart, and serious young men and women go by, each equipped with a small gold pin. Gaze fiercely and reverently, for these are members of the Honor Society who are few and far between. And lo! upon their heels come pupils who are the favorites of all the Future Teachers of America. Wait until they begin to teach they'll feel pity for all the trouble; they've caused

their teachers. The buxom belles who are waltzing down the corridor are the sweet members of alumni who put on the "Varsity Follies." Never let it be said, however, that we failed to see the humble members of the Yearbook Staff. Here they come down the corridor, each piled high with papers and pencils. They are the brave souls, who plunge into the deths and produce the Yearbook, the pride of every senior. To bad that we can't sit here longer, but we have other sights to see so—See you in the Senior Section.



BASEBALL

BASEBALL is today one of the most popular of the sports in existence and has been so since the days of handlebar moustaches. Every spring balls, bats, and mitts make their appearance and every sand lot is stuffed with boys who practise so diligently that one feels certain they must be on the payroll of a great ball club. Varsity baseball is an important spring activity in the majority of high schools including our own. High school baseball games are not disjointed affairs, but are played strictly according to the rules, just as is varsity football, and need our support.

Mr. Forest is the sponsor of the baseball team. There has been a fair turnout for the team among the boys in the senior high grades. Whether the complete material is present for a well balanced and efficient team remains to be seen. Mr. Forest has remarked that there will be nine men in there playing all the time anyhow and predicts a glorious -ah-er good season. Who knows, perhaps nine new diamond stars lie hidden in the line-up and will shine forth when burnished by a few weeks practise. A successful season will mean that

plenty of good hard work has been done to develop the necessary team work and skill. One can't practise baseball and still have time to lounge in the warm spring sun, so congratulations are due North's baseball team for its devotion to the dear old red and black.

TRACK

THE glories of Spring arrive each year around April according to some schedule devised in past times, as you have no doubt already noticed; and along with them the track season here at North. So many of the lads are bravely giving up going out nights, and eating their Wheaties regularly, and otherwise getting in trim for the coming events in this field. From the days of the Romans, physical prowess and skill has been taxed in competitive meets for the enjoyment of the spectators. Of course, instead of slugging each other with spiked gloves or dodging lions as the boys did in the good old days, our fellows limit themselves to running, jumping, weight tossing, and other more dignified activities. Anyhow it still makes a good show.

Mr. Patterson, the sponsor of this season's track team at our school, has



three managers coaching his team, and holds high hopes for a successful season, especially if a certain few seniors should show themselves before it's too late. To say the least, they deserve a good season in return for the blisters and stiff muscles which, methinks, they are going to pick up during the time track remains in the sport limelight.

GOLF

MR. DONAHUE'S golf teams, of which there will be two, are now facing a season which they suspect will

be a comfortingly successful one. Be that as it may, the boys are looking forward eagerly to playing, now the the grass is greening and the air is becoming balmy again. They are out to beat the business man at his favorite game, tramping after a pesky little ball which refuses absolutely to go where the novice wishes to drive it. Those who have tried the game and have stomped home with an odd gleam in their eyes, leaving their clubs with some astonished little urchin, will appreciate the fact that these boys have actually developed skill in playing golf.



During the April vacation the try-outs for membership in the two teams will take place at Broekton, and all the aspirants will be given a chance to prove their worths. During the season we hope their every drive will go obediently where it is expected to, and every put will meander unerringly up to the cup and topple gently in.

The tennis team is to appear also with the return of the birds from the south and it faces a season of stiff competition. Its the job of Mr. Foy to head the team and keep their noses to the grindstone, so to speak.

Mr. Donahue is sponsor of the golf team from North. Soon these boys will be out on the green looking for



TENNIS

TENNIS is one of the fastest of games and to become an expert at playing it one has to practically eat, sleep, and live tennis. To be sure the ordinary routine of school life lessens greatly the amount of time that can be devoted by our players to tennis, but the varsity team will no doubt spend all its free time playing for practice. Since tennis is not something one can learn on the spur of the moment, the team is made up of old hands at the game.

Mr. Foy is the sponsor of tennis at North. The team faces a season crowded with excellent competition from its many rivals, and this means a lot in bolstering spirit and morale. A good season is predicted and the team is confident that it can fulfill its own prediction.

new worlds to conquer with 'a little white ball and an array of clubs wonderful to behold.

Winter sports have come and gone. Now Spring rears her comely head and a new crop bursts forth. So—let us relax and see what happens while the crop is in bloom.

SAILING

THE sailing club is made up of a group of sail boat enthusiasts, some actual saltwater sailors, others strictly text-book mariners. Mr. Le Cain of Quincy High School is planning to launch the boat used by the club soon, and then there will be



afternoons on the bay with the wind and spray and that sort of thing in abundance.

The club has spent the winter months under the instruction of Mr. Le Cain discovering the whys and wherefores of sailing and navigation. Now that they have learned in theory how to "come about" and what happens when one "jibes" and so on, and can find their way on the rolling seas where street corner signs are woefully sparse, they are to be given a taste of the real thing. For some it will be their first sail, for others it will be a

chance to regain their sea legs after ten months or so of shore leave.

Gentlemen sailors such as these are usually determined someday to voyage to the south seas in a trim white yacht, and glory in planning such a trip down to the last detail. Till that happy day arrives, however, a cruise along the Cape, guided by faith, hope, and a Socony map is a great thing. So—spring's here, the winds are warming and the sea again beckons, and another batch of well versed tars are about to cast off for their favorite sport.



YEARBOOK STAFF

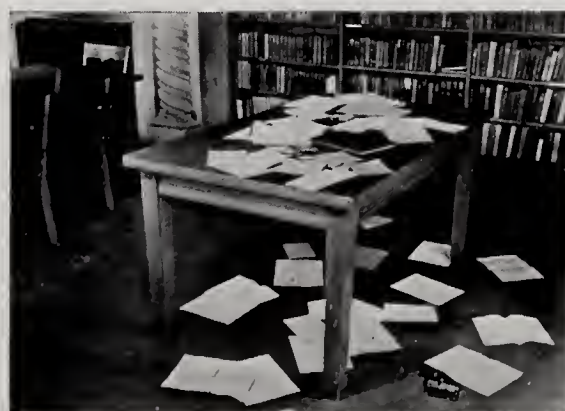
HAVE you collected all the 'baby pictures?' "Where is that copy of the class will?" "Don't forget the senior activity sheets." That is the conversation (if it can be called that) which might be heard at any Yearbook meeting. What fun the members have getting their yearbook ready for publication. It's fun but also work for every member from those who write up activities to those who do the clerical work.

The yearbook planned along more informal lines presented problems to the staff, but we hope that you will like this new yearbook. How do you like the candid pictures of various activities? We will find the answer in the number of subscriptions received for the yearbook.

"Did we really do all the work?" is the question tired but happy members will say as they relax and read the first copy of this new yearbook in print.

Faculty Advisers: Miss Ruth Meisner, Mr. John Hofferty. *Editorial*

Staff: Audrey de Loid, Doris Dienst, Lois Dwight, John Dwyer, Margaret Elliott, Virginia Harvie, Leon Hayes, Barbara Lauriat, Charles Lusteck, Priscilla James, Burton Barker, Wallace Patstone, Hazel Pope, Shirley Potts, Ruth Rawson, Harry E. Sanson, Mary Siteman, Melvin Waldfogel, Rita Walsh, Norma Jean Westerling, Dorothy Whistons, Laban Whittaker, Louise Young. *Advertising Staff:* Harriet Davies, Bryce Loughmiller, Glenna McDonough, Donald Murray, Marion Patstone, Margaret Shea, Barbara Stephansky, Robert Fortnam.



Gone to press



HONOR SOCIETY

Just as every college has its Phi Beta Kappa and Delta Pi—so does North have its Honor Society. Those elected to it are the mortals who, by virtue of having reached the upper-third of the class and being good all-around students, are duly elected and appointed to this high society. Any day, as you walk through the corridors of North, you will see small gold pins on the coats or dresses of the proud owners. —These are the elected. Mr. MacDonald has charge of the Honor Society, which, incidentally, is a nation-wide organization. Each year the Honor Society holds an impressive initiation ceremony, which leaves the non-members green with envy and vowing that they'll study hard enough to get elected next year, and leaving the new members with a feeling of pride and a slight bit of air beneath their feet.

THE VARSITY FOLLIES

EVERY year, the more daring male members of North and its Alumni put their dainty size 12½D feet into silver slippers, put on a few grass skirts

and waltz onto North's stage for the annual presentation of the "Varsity Follies." This masterpiece of musical comedy production is coached and supervised by Mr. Joseph Foy. The boys present fashion shows, plays, hula-hula dances, a bit of the comic and other acts which keep the people in North's auditorium cracking their ribs as they nudge each other in glee. These "males in girl's clothing" do a grand job every year and, who knows, one of these days we may see them all among Radio City's Rockettes. For all the future male members of the alumni, a word of warning, save all the straw you can find and sew yourselves a grass skirt and when the time for try-outs comes, do your stuff!



Awful cute!



C.D. (TEACHERS OF AMERICA)

THIS year North extends a welcome to a new and rather mysterious club. For the first time in the history of the school there has been organized a club whose name remains unpublished and whose activities are as yet unknown to the majority of the scholars. Be it known, however, that the club is primarily interested in teaching and education. It is open

to everyone of qualified scholarship and character who entertains a similar interest.

C. D. is a small branch of the National Organization of Future Teachers of America. The group is sponsored by Miss Mable Pratt. There are a great many ways in which a teacher club might be of service to the school. Despite the over abundance of doubting Thomases, C. D. plans to be one of the most active groups at North.

Class History



ALTHOUGH none of us '40 Seniors appear to be bowed and greyed by the six harrowing years spent in pursuit of a rather elusive education, there is hardly a candidate on the graduating list who isn't aware of the fact that he has changed considerably since he made his first awed entrance into the magnificent edifice of North Quincy High School.

'35 You would have to take the average Senior of today, for instance, reduce him to about one half his height, put him back into knickerbockers, pull his ears forward a little bit, and put that "isn't everything wonderful" look in his eyes to have a picture of a seventh grader way back in '35.

That was the year that we certainly weren't much of a class. There was a small group here, another one there; in fact, we were shoved anywhere that there was an inch of space, and how envious those outside were of the favored few who were fortunate enough to have all classes at North. At that time, to those on the outside looking longingly in, it was a great thrill (and somewhat of a bother too, for remember how much earlier you had to get up) to be included with those, who were established at North, in having to attend an assembly.

Of course, most of us had to be satisfied with weekly glimpses of life in the great school. This was advantageous in a way because it gave us an opportunity to snub properly the grade school pupils who were quite innocent of the value of French seams and exact measurements, and who had never been privileged to swing on the ropes in the big gym.

However, we were successfully (or otherwise) led by remote control, as

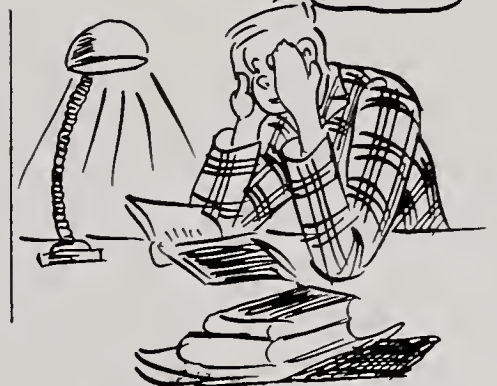
it were, through the paces of seventh grade. One September morning found us waiting ready for our actual initiation into the mysteries of North.

'36 Judging from the remarks of "Would you believe they were old enough?" and "Look out, don't step on the infants," somebody besides ourselves was conscious of the new arrivals. But we were so busy learning each traffic officer's fancy, and devising ways to tell room numbers when the doors were pinned back that we didn't have time to take these thrusts to heart.

Eighth grade was the year that slam books were popular. One scarcely dared open a folded paper lest he find scribbled thereon an estimate (a rather low estimate) of his own character.

That year we deluged our teachers with questionable tidbits from the home economics lab, and our parents with slightly bent cookie cutters. 'Member the double class of penmanship in 319 where we struggled so valiantly with our "push and pulls" and "round and rounds" in order to get the pretty blue buttons of certification? How many Seniors of today applied—?

Then too, that was the year that you began to think you'd had it easy up to that point, for it was then that we were initiated into mathematics and later to what the teachers called the very simplest of algebra (we had our own ideas long those lines). Remember the hours you spent changing signs and wondering why you just couldn't multiply A by C and get X? That year also we were given all the basic rules of grammar to learn—how many could you give now with all your years of experience?—and that year also we were first confronted with mimeographed tests; remember the suspense you felt while watching



those white sheets come slowly down the aisle towards you?



That was the year, too, that we got our first real taste of social life at its gayest. Remember the excitement felt for days before the long-awaited Junior Carnival and then the wonderful two days when all our expectations were gratified as we cheered the basketball stars (?) of the future on to victory or watched Betty Boop in one of her hairbreath escapes. Then how can we ever forget the night of the dance, when everyone of any importance showed up and not knowing how to dance, promptly sat down on the bleachers and talked over the astounding fact that Johnny had walked home with Mary yesterday.

Those were the days when we used proudly to carry home books because we felt they made us look important and then after depositing them in an obscure place where we'd be sure to forget them the next morning we'd promptly proceed to forget all about them—oh, if we could only have looked ahead! But our stay in the 8th grade was but a brief one, for there were far greener pastures waiting for us ahead.

'37 Ninth grade saw a noticeable increase in the number of long trousers. The last of the long curls and braids had disappeared by this time. We were growing up! Indeed we really thought we'd reached our highest peak and could do just about what we wanted to—if we could only have heard what the Seniors thought!—but truly that was a pretty big year, for didn't we elect our class officers and really organize ourselves? Later, after we'd been dutifully instructed in proper ballroom etiquette and had spent weary afternoons trying to make our feet keep time to the music (and also keep out of the way of those of our partner) we were really

initiated into the secrets of running a dance. As a sort of preliminary trial before the all important prom in June we bent our efforts to a Sport Dance in April and in spite of the elements (which certainly did threaten to drown anyone daring to leave the shelter of his home) the evening was a great success.

However, that year wasn't all social merriment, for in the 8th grade we'd chosen our courses and now we were introduced to their respective subjects. Remember the nights some of us spent trying to attach firmly in our minds what seemed like impossible Latin vocabularies and horribly intricate Algebra formulas such as $RT=D$ (or is it $RD=T?$)

But nothing lasts forever, and graduation morning brought with it its rows of doting parents proudly surveying their Sallys and Jimmys uncomfortable in their Sunday best. Then of course at night there was the Prom and then our career in Junior High was over, and we were really ready to take our place in Senior High.

'38 Every good play has a turning point, and the tenth grade was the turning point in the drama of our class. This year brought a reduction in the number of our subjects, a situation which was immediately remedied by the intensity with which we applied ourselves to the remaining few. Gone were the days when half the class got on the high honor roll. Resigning ourselves to the fate to which we had so unthinkingly committed ourselves, we struggled forward. There were some of us who made valiant efforts to master the intricacies of shorthand and the mimeograph. We soon found that we were expert at adjusting errors, if at nothing else. For quite a long while there was serious talk among the "Type" students of rewriting the dictionary so as to allow for variations

(and incidentally more lenient marks) when that strange black mechanism got its own ideas on how a word should be spelled or a sentence written.

Others of us kept a nightly vigil through innumerable Gallic campaigns, and decided that Caesar had been much too fortunate in living through as many battles as he did; and if he only had spent his time learning rules of grammar instead of relating long and boring accounts of himself, many of us would have been much happier. Faithfully, we saw Lorna Doone through the most harrowing incidents and then turned her in for Quentin Durward. And, oh, the thrill of being able to add that little touch of sophistication by adding a few foreign phrases here and there in our conversation! But still that wasn't all—as a sort of climax those who had chosen to take Geometry discovered that this was a course not only in Math, but also in ancient history and drawing with English and penmanship thrown in.

But we did feel pretty good when we were able to attend the Senior High activities although it was only a very small number offortunates who were ever chosen to participate in any of these, despite the fact that we did our darndest to be included among the ranks of our "worshipped" heroes and heroines.

'39 Eleventh grade found us away down in the depths of the chasm between beginning and end. We were merely Juniors, and it was our job to become intelligent enough to be worthy of the title Senior. So we stuffed our heads with assorted information on the elements of the earth, Cataline and his band of renegades, the binominal theorem, and Aristotle's definition of a tragedy—such was the price of taking five majors. It didn't take us long to realize that if we did ever complete

the five of them, in one night everyone was astounded (including the teachers). Then, remember that blessed period after the hurricane when the city was in darkness, and we thought we had a perfect alibi (it didn't work for long though). Also during that time remember how some of us felt rather like Abe Lincoln as we struggled over French verbs by candle-light late into the night.

That was the year our Thanksgiving dinner didn't taste so good because Quincy finally came out the victors over our team in the first game played in the new stadium. However, remember how we felt somewhat compensated when North was picked to play in Tech Tourney? That was a great game (especially when we got out of our last period class to go in to see it).

In the spring remember the election of our Senior Class officers after a busy week of campaign speeches and vote-seeking. Remember the Record Hop, our first class dance; the music was fast, and the jitterbugs prevailed in spite of the disdainful glances from the more conservative element of the class.

Remember how you counted the days until vacation that year? how you longed to visit a relation in China after every report card? and how the only thing that held you in school (besides your parents, teachers, and the truant officer) was the fact that in no time at all (with a little good fortune) you would really be in the all-important last year of High School?

'40 Seniors. We wasted no time in assuming the liberties and licenses of true Seniors. All the things we'd wanted to change for so many years we found were as solid and immovable

as Brooklyn Bridge, but that didn't disillusion us; we were too important to be overcome by trifles.

Do you remember how glad you began to be that you had suffered through five majors in the 11th grade, for now, what place did actual school work have in a year that must, if it was to be of any real value to us, be crammed full of every imaginable social event and extra-curricular activity?

Remember the two red letter days when that Valentine blizzard actually closed Senior High along with the lower grades? Who can remember ever seeing an oddity such as that before in our lifetime? Remember too, how all that next vacation week in spite of the snow you could see any number of Seniors at the class photographer's trying to squeeze in before the deadline—which we hadn't been warned of any more than four months before, and who can have pictures taken in that amount of time?—

Remember how proud we felt to beat Quincy in our last year and retrieve the trophies and honors which had reverted to our rivals one short year ago?

Then will you ever forget the last month of school when after weeks spent discussing and arguing over graduation clothes, prom invitations, and class day activities, the great events one by one arrived? And last of all came Commencement Day when you began to realize that in spite of its rules and regulations, trials and tribulations, NQHS wasn't such a bad place after all.

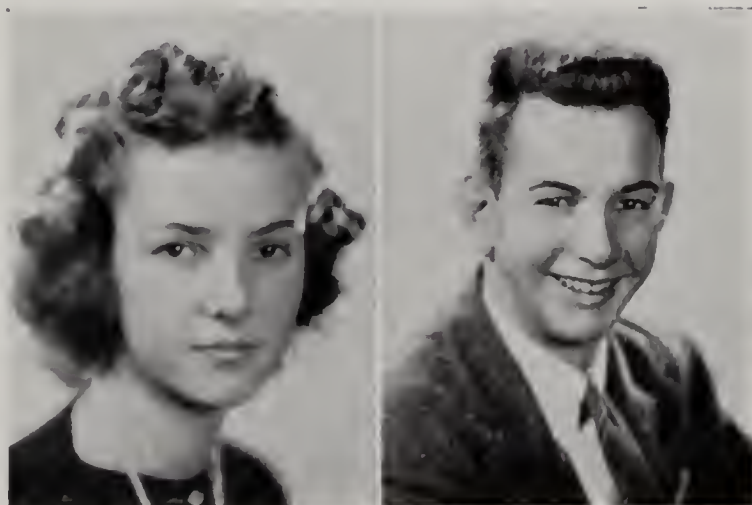
Audrey deLoid
Shirley Potts



FRANK E. CARROLL
President

MARGARET L. CHAPMAN
Vice President

Class Officers 1940



GRACE I. WEYMOUTH
Secretary

WILLIAM J. TODD
Treasurer

EARLE D. ACKER
51 Amesbury Street
Harvard College
Hockey 1; Traffic Squad 1, 2, 3;
Honor Society 3



JENNIE I. AQUILA
52 Prospect Street
Glee Club 3; Bowling 2; Girls'
Club 3

MAE E. ALLEN
76 French Street
School of Practical Art
Bowling; Girls' Club 3



PHILIP C. ASSMUS
14 Williams Street
Football 1, 2, 3; Wrestling 1, 2

R. PRISCILLA ALLEN
53 Russell Street
Archery 2; Badminton 1; Horse-
back Riding 3; Girls' Club 3



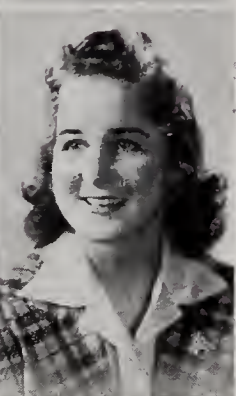
JOHN W. ATKINS
73 Botolph Street
New England Conservatory of
Music
Traffic Squad; Orchestra 1, 2;
Band 1, 2, 3

LEONARD P. ANDERSON
96 East Elm Avenue
Northeastern University
Track 1, 2; Wrestling 1; Cross
Country 1, 2, 3; Band 1, 2, 3



MEREDITH H. ATWOOD
323 Elmwood Avenue
Glee Club 2; Motion Picture
Operators' Club 3; Cafeteria
Squad 3; Bowling 3; Girls'
Club 3

PAUL J. ANDREWS
26 Billings Street
Wentworth Institute
Football 1; Wrestling 1; Base-
ball 1, 2, 3; Tennis 1; Athletic
Council 1



WILMA E. BENJAMIN
15 Pierce Street
Burdett College
News Staff 2; Cafeteria Squad
3; Library Staff 2; Archery 1, 2;
Girls' Club 3; Bowling 3

CHARLOTTE BERG
 509 Hancock Street
 Bryant & Stratton
 Library Staff 3; Commercial
 Awards 3; Girls' Club 3



GEORGE C. BORST
 86 Glover Avenue
 Track 2, 3; Cross Country 2, 3;
 Traffic Squad 3; Orchestra 1,
 2; Band 1, 2

NORMA P. BERG
 31 Hovey Street
 Glee Club 2; Commercial
 Awards 3; Girls' Club 3; Honor
 Society 3



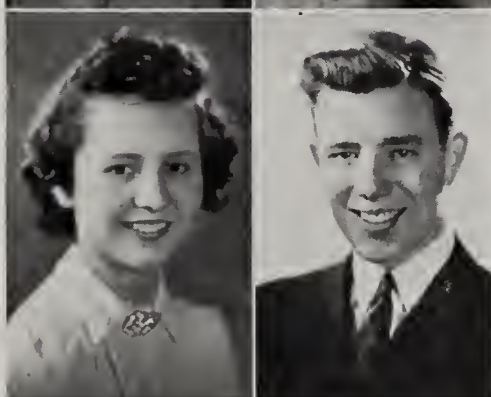
BERNARD A. BRADY
 153 West Elm Avenue
 Wentworth Institute
 Track 2, 3

VIRGINIA M. BLACKWOOD
 182 Taylor Street
 Wilfred Academy
 Cafeteria Squad 3; Girls' Club 3



ELEANOR M. BROWN
 201 Safford Street
 Quincy Hospital School of Nurs-
 ing
 Basketball 1, 2, 3; Tri-Hi-Y Club
 2, 3; Ping Pong 3; Tennis 1, 2, 3;
 Girls' Club 3

MILDRED H. BOHANNAN
 139 Billings Road
 Post Graduate
 Basketball 3; Archery 2, 3; Ping
 Pong 3; Tennis 3; Girls' Club 3



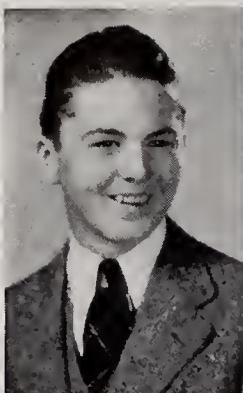
HAROLD E. BROWN
 237 Highland Avenue
 Thayer Academy
 Football 2, 3; Basketball 1, 2, 3;
 Hi-Y Club 1; Cafeteria Squad
 1, 2; Ping Pong 1, 2, 3; Bowling
 1, 2; Tennis 2

J. ELEANOR BORDEN
 139 Billings Road
 McLean Training School of
 Nursing
 Girls' Club 3



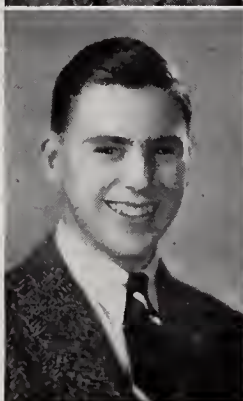
EMILY T. BRUNELLI
 132 Piermont Street
 Wilfred Academy
 Glee Club 2; Girls' Club 3

WILLIAM J. BUCKLEY
 138 Faxon Road
 Lowell Institute
 Football 1, 2, 3; Baseball 2; Hi-Y Club 3; Traffic Squad 1, 2, 3; Student Council 3; Bowling 1; Honor Society 3



HARRY V. CARLETON
 25 Ellington Road
 Tufts College
 Track 1, 2; Wrestling 1, 2; Ping Pong 1, 2, 3; Bowling 1; Sailing Club 3

JOHN H. BURDAKIN
 111 Davis Street
 Mass. Institute of Technology
 Hockey 2, 3; Traffic Squad 1, 2, 3; Rifle Club 3; Honor Society 2, 3



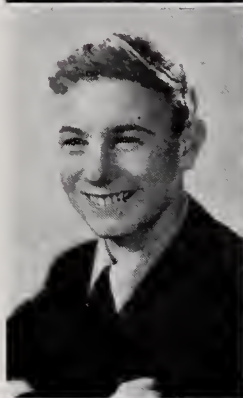
ALDEN B. CARLSON
 126 Sherman Street
 Northeastern University
 Glee Club 1, 2, 3; A Cappella Choir 2; Operetta 1

ROBERT BURKE
 14 Beach Street
 Hi-Y Club 1, 2, Secretary 3; Bowling 1



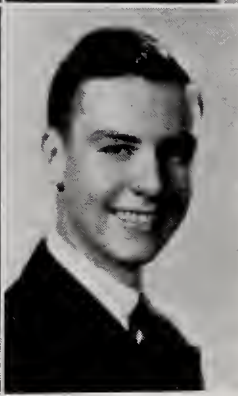
KENNETH E. CARLSON
 72 Park Avenue

BRADFORD R. CANN
 28 Freeman Street



CHARLES J. CARROLL
 57 Willow Street
 Mass. State College
 Hockey 1; Ping Pong 1, 2

MARION E. CANTY
 71 Safford Street
 Quincy Hospital Training School
 Basketball 3; Archery 2, 3; Ping Pong 3; Tennis 3; Girls' Club 3



FRANK E. CARROLL
 27 Myrtle Street
 Massachusetts Institute of Technology
 Track 2; Cross Country 1; Hi-Y Club 2, 3; Reception Committee 3; Traffic Squad 1, 2, 3; Yearbook Staff 3; Student Council 1, 2; Cafeteria Squad 2; Honor Society 2, 3; Honor Roll 1, 2, 3; Harvard Club Award 1939

MELVIN R. CARTER

157 Highland Avenue
Brown University
Track 3; Class Play 3; Traffic
Squad 2, 3; Glee Club 1, 2, 3;
Band 1; A Cappella Choir 2;
Operetta 1, 2; Student Council
1, 2, 3; Photography 2



MARGARET L. CHAPMAN

62 Edwin Street
Chandler Secretarial School
Cheerleader 2, 3; Reception
Committee 3; Traffic Squad 2, 3;
Tri-Hi-Y Club 2, 3; Glee Club
1; Operetta 1; Student Council
1, 2; Library Staff 3; Archery 1,
2; Tennis 1; Honor Society 3;
Girls' Club 3; Basketball 1, 2,
3; Track 1, 2

MARGUERITE M. CASEY

74 Albion Road
Regis College
Basketball 2, 3; Archery 2;
Horseback Riding 2; Bowling 3;
Girls' Club 3



CHANDLER A. CHASE

101 Dorchester Street
Northeastern University
Wrestling 2; Baseball 1, 2, 3

GEORGE W. CASHMAN

75 Russell Street
Football 1, 2, 3; Track 1, 2, 3;
Hi-Y Club 1; Pong Pong 1, 2;
Bowling 1



MURIEL M. CHRYSTIE

54 Lunt Street
Archery 3; Bowling 3; Honor
Roll 3; Girls' Club 3; Honor
Society 3

ELEANOR M. CASSIDY

52 Tyler Street
Wilfred Academy
Glee Club 2; A Cappella Choir 2;
Archery 3; Bowling 2; Com-
mercial Awards 3; Girls' Club 3



BERTHA L. CIARDI

45 John Street
Ping Pong 3; Tennis 3; Girls'
Club 3

LAWRENCE CASSIE

73 Waterston Avenue
University of Southern
California
Track 3; Hockey 2; Ping Pong
1, 2



NORMA J. COLBY

110 East Squantum Street
Boston University
Library Staff 1; Ping Pong 1;
Horseback Riding 3; Tennis 3;
Girls' Club 3

E. ANNA COLLINS
35 Albany Street
University of Maine
Horseback Riding 1; Girls'
Club 3



ARTHUR CONSTANT
51 Mayflower Road
Northeastern University

WILLIAM R. CONCHI
8 Herbert Road
United States Coast Guard



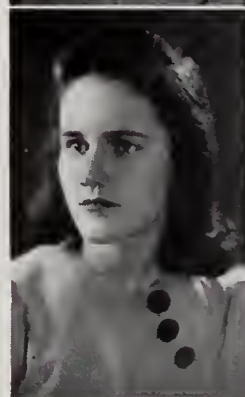
ETHEL H. CONWAY
128 Farrington Street
Basketball 3; Tri-Hi-Y Club 3;
Horseback Riding 2, 3; Girls'
Club 3

EMILY J. CONGDON
45 Division Street
Glee Club 3; A Capella Choir 1,
3; Cantata 3; Cafeteria Squad
3; Bowling 3; Girls' Club 3



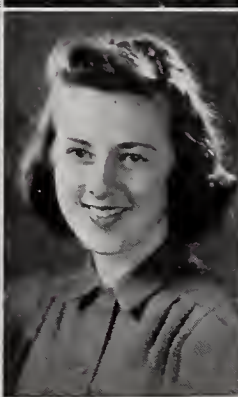
EVERETT COOPER
12 Holmes Place
Football 1, 2; Track 1, 2; Cross
Country 3

ETHEL L. CONLEY
31 Sagamore Avenue
Westbrook Junior College
Tri-Hi-Y Club 2, 3; Horseback
Riding 1, 2, 3; Rifle Club 3;
Tennis 3; Girls' Club 3



RONALD COWAN
7 Wayland Street
Track 2; Glee Club 1; A Cappella
Choir 1; Motion Picture Opera-
tors' Club 1, 2; Horseback
Riding 1

GRACE M. CONNICK
44 Harvard Street
Burdett College
Class Play 3; Horseback Riding
2; Girls' Club 3



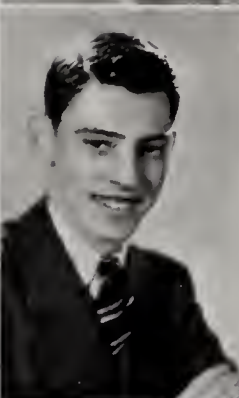
AUDREY H. CRAWFORD
21 Sunrise Road
Bryant & Stratton
Traffic Squad 2, 3; Tri-Hi-Y
Club 2, 3; Bowling 3; Girls'
Club 3

REID CROCKETT
51 West Elm Avenue



HARRIET E. DAVIES
163 Safford Street
Faulkner Hospital School of
Nursing
Yearbook Staff 3; Glee Club 1;
A Cappella Choir 1, 2, 3;
Operetta 1; Cafeteria Squad 3;
Archery 3; Bowling 3; Girls'
Club 3; Rifle Club 3; Cantata 3

RUTH P. CUNIFF
129 Hamilton Avenue
Basketball 2, 3; Photography 2;
Ping Pong 3; Tennis 3; Girls'
Club 3



WALTER J. DEISS
79 Edwin Street
Baseball 3; Orchestra 1, 3; Band
1, 2, 3

ROBERT H. DALEY
42 Flynt Street
Track 3; Cross Country 1; Or-
chestra 1; Band 1, 2, 3



ALFONSO W. DEL GALLO
264 Newbury Avenue
Burdett College
Track 2, 3

MARY L. DANCKERT
272 Atlantic Street
Chandler Secretarial School
Class Play 3; Tri-Hi-Y Club 1, 2,
3; Glee Club 2; Archery 3; Ath-
letic Council 1; Girls' Club 3



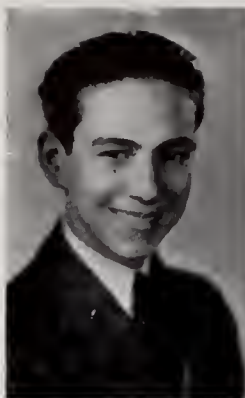
TILDA M. DELLA VALLEE
39 Holmes Street
Library Staff 3; Girls' Club 3

EILEEN L. DARES
20 Carle Road
Burroughs School
Horseback Riding 2; Bowling 2,
3; Commercial Awards 2, 3;
Girls' Club 3



AUDREY G. de LOID
45 Waterston Avenue
Marot Junior College
Traffic Squad 3; Yearbook Staff
3; C. D. Club 3; Cafeteria Squad
3; Honor Roll 1; Girls' Club 3;
Honor Society 3

JAMES L. DEMPSEY
68 Holmes Street
Colby College
Track 1, 2, 3; Wrestling 1, 2;
Cross Country 2, 3; Hi-Y Club 3



DAVID E. DOHERTY
41 Webster Street
Boston Navy Yard Apprentice
School
Football 1, 2, 3; Basketball 1;
Baseball 1, 3; News Staff 1;
Ping Pong 2; Bowling 1

ROBERT E. DENNEEN
3 Wellgate Circle
Track 1, 2, 3; Hi-Y Club 2, 3;
Traffic Squad 2, 3; Band 2, 3;
Student Council 3



BARBARA L. DONNELLAN
209 Billings Street
Archery 3; Horseback Riding 1;
Girls' Club 3

CYNTHIA F. DeWOLF
154 Pine Street
Newton Hospital School of
Nursing
Glee Club 3; A Cappella Choir
1, 3; Cafeteria Squad 3; Bowling
3; Girls' Club 3; Cantata 3



THOMAS M. DOWD
549 Hancock Street
Fore River Apprentice School
Football 1, 2, 3; Basketball 1;
Baseball 1-3; News Staff 2; Ping
Pong 2; Bowling 1

DORIS A. DIENST
103 Colby Road
Syracuse University
Yearbook Staff 3; News Staff 2,
3; A Cappella Choir 2; Archery
3; Ping Pong 3; Bowling 2;
Tennis 2, 3; Girls' Club 3



MARY C. DOWLING
104 Hamden Circle
Bryant & Stratton
Tri-Hi-Y Club 3; Girls' Club 3

HARRIET M. DODD
139 Highland Avenue
Simmons College
Traffic Squad 3; Tri-Hi-Y 3; A
Cappella Choir 3; Student Council
3; Bowling 1; Honor Society
2, 3; Honor Roll 1, 2, 3; Girls'
Club 3



PATRICIA M. DUGGAN
52 Apthorp Street
Basketball 1, 2, 3; Tri-Hi-Y 2,
3; Ping Pong 1; Bowling 2; Girls'
Club 3

ARTHUR G. DUNCAN
27 Dundee Road
Band 3



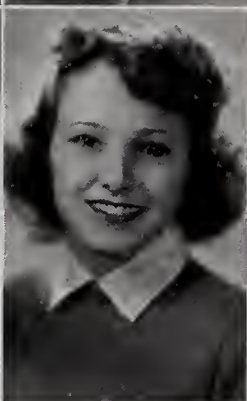
ANNETTE A. EATON
111 Hollis Avenue
Chandler Secretarial School
Manet Staff 2; Glee Club 1, 2, 3;
Band, Drum Major 2, 3; Op-
eretta 1, 3; Library Staff 2, 3;
Girls' Club 3; Honor Society 3

DOUGLAS S. DUNN
41 Bromfield Street
Track 1; Cross Country 1; Hi-Y
1, 2, 3; Reception Committee
3; Traffic Squad 3; Band 2;
Cafeteria Squad 3; Bowling 1



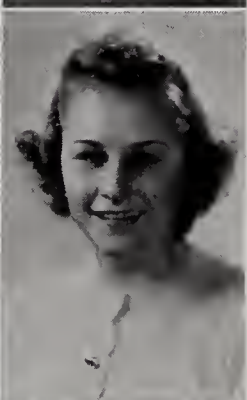
DOROTHY L. ELDREDGE
3 Bayside Road
Tri-Hi-Y 3; Ping Pong 3;
Tennis 3; Girls' Club 3

LOIS C. DWIGHT
38 Walker Street
Pembroke College
Class Play 3; Yearbook Staff 3;
News Staff 2; C. D. Club 3;
Badminton 1, 3; Girls' Club 3



MARGARET J. ELLIOTT
55 Exeter Street
Katherine Gibbs Secretarial
School
Basketball 3; Yearbook Staff 3;
Archery 2; Ping Pong 3; Tennis
3; Glee Club 1; Girls' Club 3

JOHN L. DWYER
48 Sherman Street
Boston University
Basketball 1; Track 1, 2, 3;
Cross Country 1; Yearbook
Staff 3



VIRGINIA W. ELLIS
164 Vassall Street
Basketball 3; Tri-Hi-Y 3; Sail-
ing 3; Archery 3; Ping Pong 3;
Horseback Riding 2, 3; Bowling
3; Girls' Club 3

URSULA L. EAGAN
59 Safford Street
Basketball 1, 2, 3; Tri-Hi-Y 2,
3; Cafeteria Squad 3; Bowling 1;
Girls' Club 3



BARBARA R. EVERSON
88 Hamden Circle
Class Play 3; Tri-Hi-Y 1, 2, 3;
Archery 2; Bowling 1, 2; Girls'
Club 3

EDITH M. FAIRCLOTH
 38 Warrick Street
 Chandler Secretarial School
 Basketball 1, 2, 3; Track 1, 2;
 Cheerleader 1, 2, 3; Tri-Hi-Y 2,
 3; Cafeteria Squad 1; Archery
 2, 3; Badminton 1, 3; Horseback
 Riding 3; Bowling 1; Girls'
 Club 3



WALDO W. FINNEY
 78 Hamilton Street
 Baseball 1, 2, 3; Hi-Y 3; Recep-
 tion Committee 3; Traffic 3;
 Commercial Awards 2; Honor
 Society 2, 3; Honor Roll 1, 2

ROBERT E. FARRELL
 59 Amesbury Street
 Boston College
 Glee Club 1; Operetta 1; Ping
 Pong 1



MILLICENT W. FLEMING
 69 Royal Street
 Bowling 2, 3; Tennis 1, 3; Com-
 mercial Awards 3; Girls' Club 3

PHYLLIS F. FAVORITE
 139 Elmwood Avenue
 Simmons School of Journalism
 Class Play 3; Ping Pong 3; Girls'
 Club 3; Honor Society 3



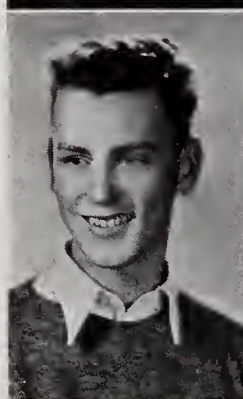
ELIZABETH M. FLOOD
 42 Webster Street
 Tri-Hi-Y 3; Student Council 2;
 Bowling 1; Commercial Awards
 2, 3; Honor Society 2, 3; Honor
 Roll 1, 2, 3; Girls' Club 3

HELEN R. FEENEY
 56 Harriet Avenue
 Girls' Club 3



FRANK H. FLYNN
 109 Faxon Road
 Boston College
 Football 2; Track 1, 2, 3; Class
 Play 3; Traffic Squad 3; Rifle
 Club 3; Honor Society 2, 3

RICHARD R. FINDLAY
 31 Sewall Street



CHARLES E. FORD
 42 Brunswick Street
 Rifle Club 2, 3; Tennis 3

ROBERT W. FORTNAM
 72 West Elm Avenue
 United States Naval Air Reserve
 Corps
 Yearbook Staff 3; Band 1, 2, 3;
 Cafeteria Squad 1



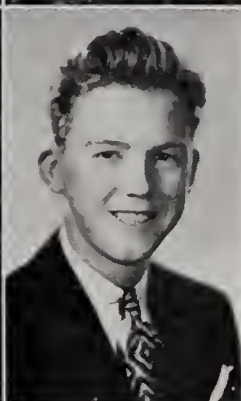
FRANCIS F. FRAUMENI
 171 Billings Road
 Harvard College
 Football 1; Baseball 1, 2; Hockey
 1, 2; Hi-Y Club 1, 2, 3; Or-
 chestra 1, 2, 3; Cafeteria Squad
 1, 2, 3; Ping Pong 1, 2, 3;
 Bowling 1, 2; Rifle Club 2, 3

ROBERT S. FOSTER
 21 Aphorp Street
 Worcester Polytechnic Institute
 Traffic Squad 3; Photography 1,
 2, 3; Sailing Club 3



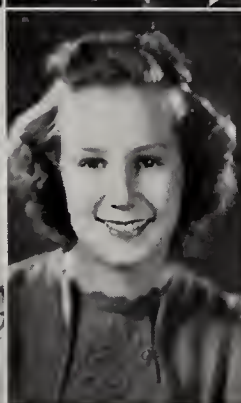
JAMES A. FRAZER
 17 Richfield Street
 Northeastern University
 Baseball 1, 2, 3; Hockey 2; Hi-
 Y 3

VIRGINIA L. FOWLER
 58 Holmes Street
 Swimming 2; Archery 3; Bow-
 ling 3; Tennis 1; Girls' Club 3



ROBERT V. FRIZZELL
 38 Holmes Street
 United States Naval Academy
 Basketball 1, 2, 3; Track 1;
 Baseball 1, 2, 3; Cross Country
 1; Hi-Y 1, 2; Traffic Squad 1;
 Ping Pong 1; Bowling 3

CAROL B. FOX
 143 Arlington Street
 Basketball 1, 2, 3; Reception
 Committee 3; Class Day Com-
 mittee 3; Tri-Hi-Y 2, 3; Archery
 1, 2; Ping Pong 3; Bowling 2;
 Tennis 3; Commercial Awards
 3; Girls' Club 3



KAREN M. GALBERG
 18 Flynt Street
 Hickox Secretarial School
 Basketball 1, 2; Track 1; Cafe-
 teria Squad 1, 2; Archery 2;
 Bowling 2; Commercial Awards
 3; Girls' Club 3

ALICE M. FRAHER
 324 Hancock Street
 Cafeteria Squad 1, 2, 3; Ping
 Pong 1; Girls' Club 3



RUTH M. P. GEDDES
 17 Edgeworth Road
 Glee Club 3; Archery 3; Ping
 Pong 1; Bowling 2; Girls' Club 3

Senior



Masts



CHARLES F. GERMAIN
162 Elmwood Avenue
Glee Club 1, 2; Operetta 1



M. LOUISE GRIFFITH
95 Hamilton Avenue
Boston University
Ping Pong 3; Tennis 2, 3; Girls'
Club 3



WINIFRED B. GILBOY
281 Beach Street
Bowling 3; Tennis 1; Girls' Club
3; Basketball 3



MARGARET J. GRIMES
7 Muirhead Street
Forsyth Dental School
News Staff 3; Basketball 1, 2, 3;
Ping Pong 1, 3; Girls' Club 3;
Swimming Club 3; Sailing 3



ROBERT A. GOUGH
122 Highland Avenue
Glee Club 1; Ping Pong 3; Bowl-
ing 1, 2



LESTER R. GROHE
176 Billings Road
Tufts College
Track 1; Hi-Y Club 3; Class
Play 3; Reception Committee 3;
Traffic Squad 2, 3; Orchestra 2;
Band 1, 2; Bowling 1; Honor
Roll 1; Honor Society 3



GENEVIEVE M. GOVONI
141 Waterston Avenue
Grounds Patrol 2; Bowling 2;
Girls' Club 3



BARBARA H. HALL
9 North Central Avenue
University of New Hampshire
Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Grounds
Patrol 2, 3; A Cappella Choir 2;
Archery 1, 2; Ping Pong 2, 3;
Tennis 1, 2, 3; Girls' Club 3



VIRGINIA L. GREENOUGH
32 Huckins Avenue
Tri-Hi-Y 1, 2, 3; Archery 3;
Ping Pong 2; Bowling 3; Girls'
Club 3



GLENN S. HANNIGAN
20 Wollaston Avenue
Bentley School of Accounting
and Finance
Football 1, 2; Reception Com-
mittee 3; Class Day Committee
3; Ping Pong 3



ALBERT G. HANLY

5 French Street
Boston College
Football 1, 2, 3; Basketball 1;
Baseball 1, 2, 3; Hockey 1, 2



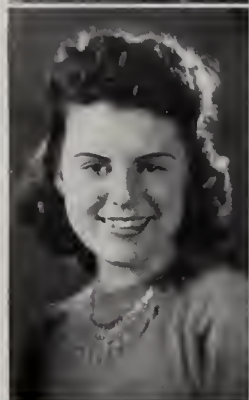
VICTOR L. HAYES

55 Elliot Avenue
Massachusetts Institute of
Technology
Traffic Squad 1, 2, 3; Yearbook
Staff 3; Rifle Club 3; Honor
Society 2, 3; Honor Roll 1, 2, 3



VIRGINIA G. HARVIE

24 Tyler Street
Massachusetts School of Art
Class Play Props 3; *Manet* Staff
2; Yearbook Staff 3; Glee Club
1; Archery 2, 3; Horseback
Riding 3; Girls' Club 3; Honor
Society 3



HAZEL HEIGHT

52 Russell Street
Ping Pong 3; Girls' Club 3



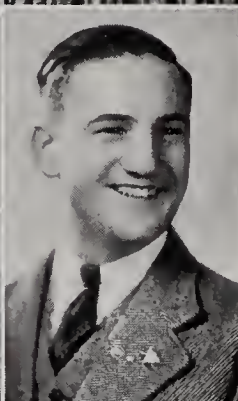
FREDERICK A. HAUCK

62 Aphorp Street
Boston University
Hi-Y 1, 2, 3; Band 1, 2, 3



DAVID W. HEMINGWAY

87 Harvard Street
Hi-Y 3; Glee Club 1; Sailing
Club 3; Operetta 1; Ping Pong
1, 2, 3



GEORGE P. HAWCO

63 Holmes Street
University of Southern
California
Football 1, 2, 3; Basketball 1,
2, 3; Photography 3; Ping Pong
1, 2, 3; Bowling 1, 2



ALFRED J. HENRICKSEN

35 Sagamore Street
Class Play 3; Ping Pong 3



ELIZABETH H. HAY

97 Safford Street
Quincy Hospital Training
School
Yearbook Staff 3; News Staff 2,
3; Glee Club 1; Bowling 3; As-
sembly Committee 1; Girls'
Club 3

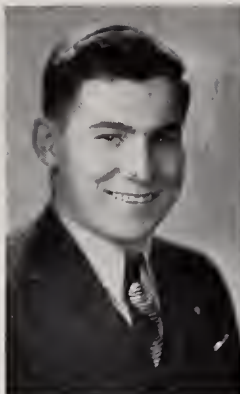


ELIZABETH M. HILL

79 Young Street
Post Graduate
Cafeteria Squad 3; Bowling 1;
Girls' Club 3



IRVING R. HILTZ
 308 Atlantic Street
 West Point Academy
 Football 2, 3; Track 1, 2, 3;
 Wrestling 1; Glee Club 1; Op-
 eretta 1; Rifle Club 2



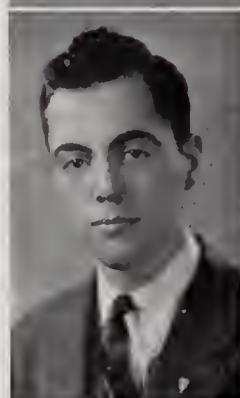
PRISCILLA C. JAMES
 139 Norfolk Street
 Boston University
 Traffic Squad 2, 3; Yearbook
 Staff 3; C. D. Club 3; Honor
 Society 2, 3; Honor Roll 1, 2,
 3; Girls' Club 3

MARY J. HUKÉ
 84 Wendell Avenue
 Wilfred Academy
 Tri-Hi-Y 2, 3; Tennis 3; Girls'
 Club 3



INGRID E. JANSSON
 22 Herbert Road
 Post Graduate
 Glee Club 1; Operetta 1; Bowl-
 ing 2; Girls' Club 3

DAVID B. HUMPHREY
 61 Vane Street
 Boston University
 Hi-Y 3; Traffic Squad 3; Glee
 Club 2; Honor Society 2, 3;
 Honor Roll 2



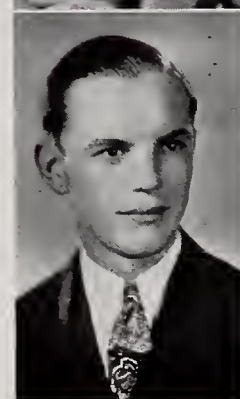
WILLIAM U. JENNINGS
 49 South Bayfield Road
 University of New Hampshire
 Football 1, 2, 3; Baseball 1;
 Hockey 2; Ping Pong 1, 2;
 Bowling 1, 2; Hi-Y 2, 3; Track
 2; Basketball 3

GEORGE D. HURLEY
 115 Vassall Street
 Football 1, 2, 3; Wrestling 1, 2;
 Hi-Y 3; Traffic Squad 3



THELMA F. JENSEN
 36 Pope Street
 Pneumatic Seales Corp. Ltd.
 Cafeteria Squad 3; Girls' Club 3

BYRON ISBELL
 160 Vassall Street
 Boston University
 Track 1, 2, 3; Wrestling 1; Hi-Y
 1, 2, 3; Cross Country 1, 2, 3;
 Traffic Squad 1, 2, 3; Student
 Council 1, 2, 3; Cafeteria Squad
 1; Rifle Club 2; Assembly Com-
 mittee 2, 3



DONALD M. JOHNSON
 16 Hodges Avenue
 Colby College
 Football 1, 2, 3; Basketball 1, 2,
 3; Wrestling 1, 2; Baseball 1, 2;
 Hi-Y 2, 3; Traffic Squad 2; Ping
 Pong 1, 2; Bowling 1, 2

HAROLD A. JOHNSON
 58 Weston Avenue
 School of Commercial Art
 Glee Club 1, 2; Operetta 1;
 Bowling 3; Tennis 3



BERNARD J. KILLORAN
 43 North Central Avenue
 Football 3; Basketball 3; Base-
 ball 3; Hi-Y Club 3

PEARL JOHNSTON
 123 Atlantic Street
 Wilfred Academy
 Glee Club 2; Library Staff 1;
 Girls' Club 3



URSULA G. KILLORAN
 43 North Central Avenue
 Girls' Club 3

HARRISON M. JONES
 72 Freemont Street
 Yale
 Football 1; Traffic Squad 3; Glee
 Club 2; Honor Roll 1, 2, 3;
 Honor Society 3



NORMAN B. KING
 33 Bromfield Street
 Northeastern University
 Traffic Squad 2, 3; Bowling 2;
 Honor Society 2, 3; Honor Roll 1

IDELLA P. JONES
 213 West Squantum Street
 Commercial Awards 3; Girls'
 Club 3



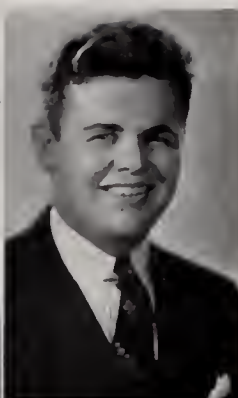
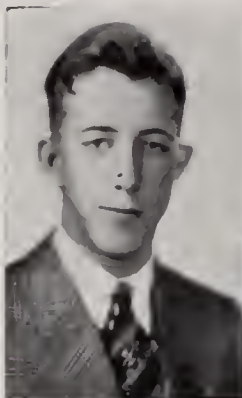
ELINOR J. KNIGHT
 160 Huckins Avenue
 Bowling 3; Commercial Awards
 3; Girls' Club 3; Swimming
 Club 3

LAURA MAY KELLEY
 217 Holbrook Road
 Sargent College
 Traffic Squad 3; Archery 3; Or-
 chestra 1, 2, 3; String Ensemble
 1; Girls' Club 3; Rifle Club 3;
 Operetta 1; Student Council 1;
 Honor Society 3



DOROTHY A. KNOWLES
 11 Greenwood Avenue
 Cheerleader 1, 2, 3; Cafeteria
 Squad 2; Bowling 1, 2; Girls'
 Club 3

KENNETH M. KNOWLES
294 Fayette Street
Wrestling 1; Cafeteria Squad 1,
2; Tennis 1-3



JOHN J. LEARY
132 Faxon Road
Duke University
Football 1, 2, 3; Basketball 2;
Track 1, 2, 3; Hi-Y Club 3

ROBERT LAING
72 Sachem Street
Northeastern University
Hockey 2; Hi-Y Club 2, 3;
Tennis 2, 3



ELIZABETH M. LE CLAIR
147 Pine Street
Ping Pong 3; Bowling 3; Honor
Roll 1, 2; Girls' Club 3

RUTH V. LAMB
37 Windsor Road
Chandler Secretarial School
Traffic Squad 3; Archery 2, 3;
Horseback Riding 2, 3; Bowling
1; Rifle Club 3; Girls' Club 3



JUNE LESSARD
204 Wilson Avenue
Glee Club 2; A Cappella Choir
2; Cafeteria Squad 1, 2, 3;
Archery 2; Commercial Awards
3; Girls' Club 3

JANE B. LARSON
15 Seaway Road
Chandler Secretarial School
Tri-Hi-Y 3; Archery 2; Horse-
back Riding 3; Girls' Club 3



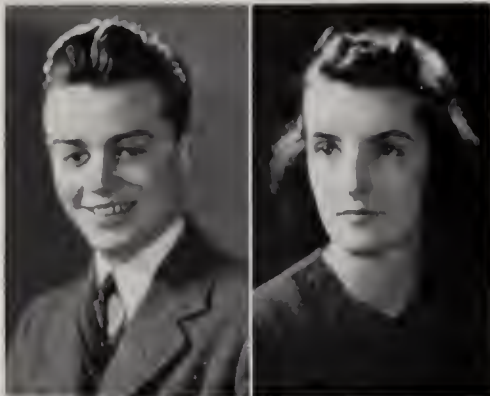
EVELYN F. LOCKE
39 Hovey Street
Basketball 3; Baseball 2; Ping
Pong 3; Bowling 3; Girls' Club 3

BARBARA J. LAURIAT
36 Apthorp Street
Chandler Secretarial School
Tri-Hi-Y 3; *Manet* Staff 1, 2;
Yearbook Staff 3; Cafeteria
Squad 1, 2, 3; Library Staff 2;
Archery 1; Horseback Riding 3;
Tennis 2; Girls' Club 3



BRYCE L. LOUGHMILLER
41 Freeman Street
Commercial Photography
Track 2; *Manet* Staff 1, 2, 3;
Yearbook Staff 2, 3; Photo-
graphy 1, 2, 3; Ping Pong 1;
Bowling 1, 2, 3

CHARLES F. LUSTECK
 65 North Bayfield Road
 N. Y. N. H. & H. R. R.
 Wrestling 1; Hi-Y 1, 2; Traffic
 Squad 1, 2; Cafeteria Squad 1,
 2; Ping Pong 3; Yearbook
 Staff 3



MARGARET J. MALONE
 82 East Squantum Street
 Burdett College
 Traffic Squad 3; Bowling 2, 3;
 Commercial Awards 3; Honor
 Roll 1; Girls' Club 3



JOHN B. LYNCH
 66 Royal Street
 Massachusetts Institute of
 Technology
 Hi-Y 2, 3; Traffic Squad 2, 3;
 Honor Roll 1



DAVID J. MANDEVILLE
 9 Elmwood Avenue
 Track 2, 3; Traffic Squad 3; Glee
 Club 3; Band 1, 2, 3; Ping
 Pong 3



DOROTHY L. LYONS
 33 Webster Street
 Bryant & Stratton
 Traffic Squad 2; Bowling 1;
 Commercial Awards 3; Girls'
 Club 3



MARION L. MARSHALL
 60 Weston Avenue
 Ping Pong 3; Bowling 1, 2;
 Tennis 1; Commercial Awards
 3; Girls' Club 3



CHANCY R. MACALUSO
 199 West Squantum Street
 Commercial Awards 3; Girls'
 Club 3



RICHARD A. MAW
 168 Highland Avenue
 Golf 3



RICHARD A. MALMBERG
 32 Pratt Road
 Ping Pong 3



PHYLLIS R. MAXWELL
 28 Glover Avenue
 Bryant & Stratton
 Ping Pong 3; Girls' Club 3;
 Grounds Patrol 2



JACQUELINE M. MAYER
3 Gladstone Street
Basketball 1; Archery 3; Horse-
back Riding 2; Bowling 3; Girls'
Club 3



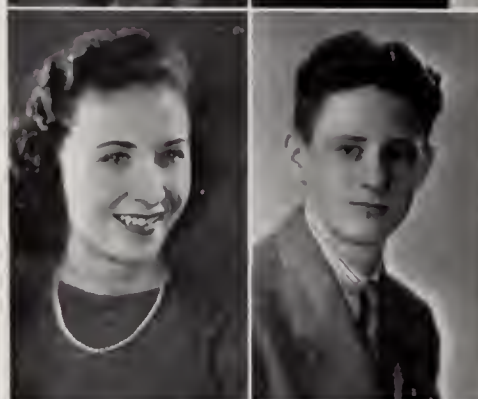
MARY E. McGRATH
38 Eustis Street
Basketball 3; Grounds Patrol 2;
Ping Pong 3; Bowling 2; Com-
mercial Awards 3; Girls' Club 3

WALTER G. McCARTHY
17 Cummings Avenue
Hi-Y 1, 2, 3; Class Play 3



JAMES T. McMAHON
91 Freeman Street
Wentworth Institute
Basketball 2, 3

NATALIE H. McCLOSKEY
31 Appleton Street
Basketball 2; Traffic Squad 3;
Archery 3; Tennis 2; Commer-
cial Awards 3; Honor Roll 1, 2;
Girls' Club 3



ALBERT W. McSHANE
27 Hunt Street
Suffolk University
Basketball 1; Track 1, 2; Bowl-
ing 1

ELIZABETH F. McCRORY
54 Ocean Street
Archery 2, 3; Badminton 1;
Ping Pong 1, 3; Bowling 1; Girls'
Club 3



BARBARA P. MEADE
46 Lunt Street
Track 1; Bowling 3; Commercial
Awards 3; Honor Roll 1; Girls'
Club 3; Honor Society 3

GLENNA L. McDONOUGH
10 Willow Street
Simmons College
Basketball 2, 3; *Manet* Staff 3;
Ping Pong 2; Bowling 1; Girls'
Club 3



FRANCES J. MELANSON
79 North Bayfield Road
Traffic Squad 1; Girls' Club 3

ARLENE F. MILLER
95 Quincy Shore Drive
Basketball 1; Girls' Club 3



DOROTHEA M. MUNDY
15 Royal Street
Basketball 1, 2, 3; Soft Ball 2;
Operetta 3; Grounds Patrol 3;
Ping Pong 1; Girls' Club 3

DOUGLAS S. MILLER
14 Acton Street
University of Maine



MARY E. MURPHY
38 Elliot Avenue
Chandler Secretarial School
Ping Pong 3; Tennis 2; Girls'
Club 3

BELLE B. MORRISON
26 Hovey Street
Chandler Secretarial School
Archery 2, 3; Horseback Riding
2, 3; Girls' Club 3



MICHAEL R. MURPHY
194 Fayette Street

BARBARA C. MULHERN
49 Webster Street
Basketball 2, 3; Traffic Squad 2;
Bowling 1; Commercial Awards
3; Honor Roll 1, 2; Girls' Club 3



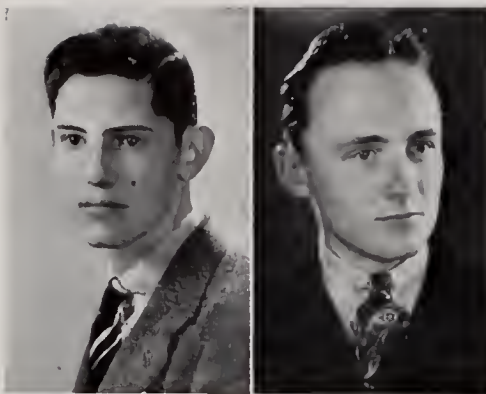
VIRGINIA E. MURRAY
95 Dorchester Street
Burdett College
Glee Club 1; Girls' Club 3;
Grounds Patrol 2

IRENE G. MULLANEY
51 Wayland Street
Basketball 2, 3; Ping Pong 3;
Bowling 1; Commercial Awards
3; Honor Roll 1, 2; Girls' Club 3



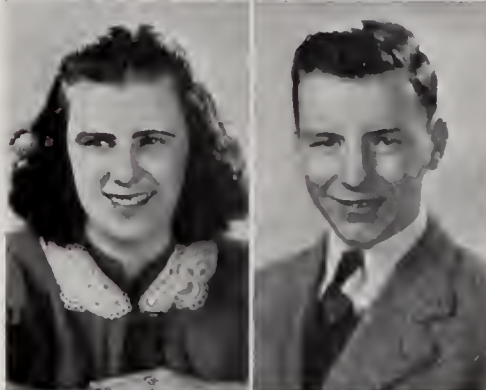
ALBERT R. NELSON
44 Flynt Street
Massachusetts School of Art
Band 3; Cafeteria Squad 3;
Rifle Club 3

WILLIAM J. NESBITT
 43 Glover Avenue
 Northeastern University
 Glee Club 1, 2; Motion Picture
 Operators' Club 1, 2, 3; Photo-
 graphy 3



EUGENE F. O'CONNOR
 113 Squantum Street
 Traffic Squad 3; Glee Club 1, 2;
 A Cappella Choir 2; Cafeteria
 Squad 1, 2, 3; Rifle Club 3

CELIA M. NESTOR
 117 Safford Street
 Basketball 2; Commercial
 Awards 3; Girls' Club 2, 3



ALFRED J. O'DONNELL
 41 Milton Road

MARJORIE E. NICHOLSON
 114 Montclair Avenue
 Burdett College
 Tri-Hi-Y Club 2, 3; Photog-
 raphy Club 2; Archery 2;
 Ping Pong 3; Tennis 2, 3; Com-
 mercial Awards 3; Girls' Club 3



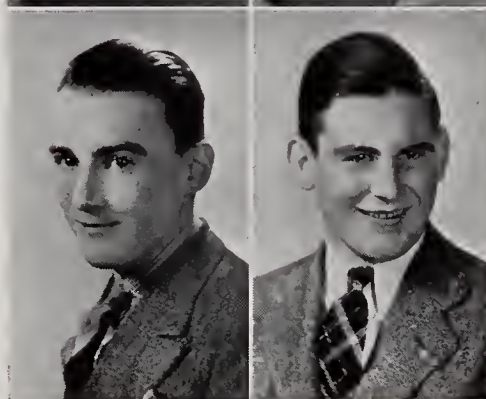
FRANK A. OESCHGER
 44 Freeman Street
 General Electric Company
 Band 3

ROSEMARY F. O'BRIEN
 166 Highland Avenue
 Basketball 1, 2; Grounds Patrol
 2; Girls' Club 3



EDITH L. OETTINGER
 10 Mascoma Street
 Glee Club 3; Archery 3; Girls'
 Club 3

JOHN F. O'CONNELL
 73 Young Street
 Glee Club 1; Tennis 1, 2, 3;
 Honor Society 3



JAMES I. O'HEARN
 58 North Bayfield Road
 Football 1, 2, 3; Rifle Club 2

RUTH E. OLIVE

168 Beach Street
Basketball 1, 2, 3; Track 1, 2;
Reception Committee 3; Traffic
Squad 1, 2; Tri-Hi-Y Club 2, 3;
Student Council 3; Archery 1,
2; Bowling 2; Tennis 1, 2, 3;
Commercial Awards 3; Girls'
Club 3



DOROTHY A. PECKHAM

184 Marlboro Street
Glee Club 2; Badminton 3;
Ping Pong 3; Tennis 3; Com-
mercial Awards 2; Girls' Club 3

BURTON F. PARKER

105 Elmwood Avenue
Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute
Traffic Squad 3; *Manet* Staff 3;
Yearbook Staff 3; Orchestra 1,
2, 3; Band 1, 2, 3; Honor Society
2, 3; Honor Roll 3



CHARLES PERKINS

44 North Central Avenue
Southern California University
Track 1; Wrestling 2; Cross
Country 2, 3; Ping Pong 1, 2, 3

DOROTHY F. PARRY

71 Hamden Circle
Burdett College
Basketball 1, 2; Track 1; Traffic
Squad 3; Archery 3; Commercial
Awards 3; Honor Roll 1; Honor
Society 2, 3; Girls' Club 3



JANE M. PERKINS

113 Harriet Avenue
Basketball 3; Ping Pong 3;
Bowling 3; Girls' Club 3

MARIAN PATSTONE

44 Colby Road
Boston School of Occupational
Therapy
Basketball 1, 2, 3; Tri-Hi-Y
Club 3; Yearbook Staff 3; Sail-
ing Club 3; Archery 3; Badmin-
ton 3; Ping Pong 3; Bowling 1,
2, 3; Tennis 2, 3; Girls' Club 3



OLIVE A. PERRIN

463 Hancock Street
Library Staff 1, 3; Commercial
Awards 3; Girls' Club 3

WALLACE PATSTONE

44 Colby Road
United States Army Technical
School of Photography
Hi-Y Club 1, 2, 3; Class Play 3;
Reception Committee 3; Class
Day Committee 3; Traffic Squad
2, 3; Yearbook Staff 2, 3; Glee
Club 3; Cantata 3; Photog-
raphy 1, 2; Cafeteria Squad 3;
Bowling 1; Rifle Club 2, 3



EDWARD A. PERRY

32 Freeman Street
Tampa University
Football 1, 2, 3; Baseball 2, 3

Confucius Say

- I. He who is able to see trend of class and then step in ahead make good President—Frank Carroll.
- II. She who turn all heads except own is charming person—Peggy Chapman.
- III. He who is free of care run up no bill of charge—Bill Todd.
- IV. She who have classic grace have also class dignity—Grace Weymouth.
- V. He who hope to be woman charmer must first start out as girl charmer—Frankie Walter.
- VI. He who have desire to run things must join track team—Mel Carter.
- VII. She who have pleasing smile need not look in mirror for admirers—Eileen Sorterup.
- VIII. It's her knowledge that may someday build her bank account but it's her clothes that draw the interest—Ginny Ellis.
- IX. He who pick bones with other people often find self in dog-house—By Isbel.
- X. She who know much about music never need to worry about playing second fiddle—Mary Danckert.
- XI. He who want deep and lasting love must think of "Wells"—Bob Deneen.
- XII. She who is able to speak volumes need not worry about staying on shelf long—Ruth Rawson.
- XIII. That which boy accomplish depend entirely on that which he do when he has nothing to do—Les Grohe.

- XIV. He who see double doesn't need glasses; he just has classes with the Terrios.
- XV. She who learn art inside school can apply art outside school—Ginny Harvie.
- XVI. They who hope to star in Hollywood must first twinkle in *The Goose Hangs High*—Phil Posey and Barb Everson.
- XVII. He who would win cup races at Newport must first win cup races at Squantum—Charlie Watkins.
- XVIII. He who would test himself for good manners must first see if he is able to put up with bad ones—Gene O'Connor.
- XIX. Fellow who know most, say least—Ben Pritchard.
- XX. Intelligent girl is one who know how to refuse thing without losing it entirely—Pat James.
- XXI. To Edith certain boy maybe dart in mind when around but he become pain in heart when away—Ronald Cowan.
- XXII. She who have hope of setting new high as successful White Mountain hostess must first pick her guests from North High—Mary Jane Huke.
- XXIII. Boy who have no folly often make big hit in "Varsity Follies"—George Hurley.
- XXIV. He who have enough brains not to do home-work must contain enough words to explain why—Harrison Jones.
- XXV. It take sparkle to preserve old friends, good behavior to procure new ones—Ginny Greenough.

GEORGE O. PETERSON
32 Beckett Street
Northeastern University



HAZEL V. POPE
45 South Bayfield Road
Boston University
Traffic Squad 3; *Manet* Staff 3;
Yearbook Staff 3; Glee Club 1,
2, 3; Operetta 1; Cantata 3;
Cafeteria Squad 3; Library Staff
1, 3; Archery 3; Bowling 1, 2, 3;
Honor Society 2, 3; Honor Roll
1, 3; Girls' Club 3

VIRGINIA M. PETERSON
110 Russell Street
Leland Powers Dramatic School
Archery 3; Bowling 2; Girls'
Club 3



LAWRENCE W. PORTER
23 Colby Road
Ohio State College
Football Manager 1, 2; Basket-
ball 1, 2, 3; Track 2; Bowling 1, 2

MARY M. PITTMAN
15 Earle Street
Operetta 1; Library Staff 1;
Ping Pong 1; Bowling 3; Girls'
Club 3; Glee Club 1, 2; Tennis 1



PHILIP E. POSEY
72 Newbury Avenue
Boston University
Class Play 3; Reception Com-
mittee 3; Class Day Committee
3; Traffic Squad 2, 3; Grounds
Patrol 3; Cafeteria Squad 3;
Ping Pong 1; Bowling 1, 2; Hon-
or Roll 1; Honor Society 3

HELENE G. PLAYER
39 Flynt Street
Vesper George Art School
Swimming 3; Basketball 3;
Library Staff 3; Tennis 3; Girls'
Club 3



SHIRLEY M. POTTS
65 East Elm Avenue
Basketball 1; Traffic Squad 3;
Manet Staff 3; Yearbook Staff
3; Sailing Club 3; Library Staff
3; Honor Society 2, 3; Honor
Roll 1, 2, 3; Girls' Club 3

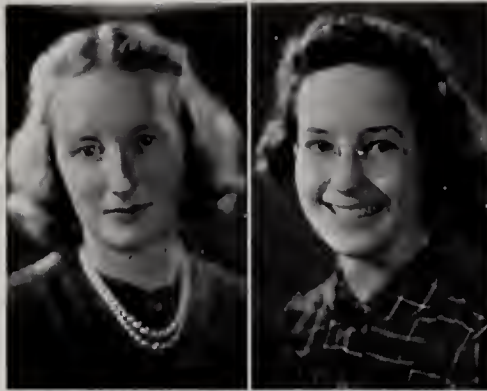
ARCHER G. PLEADWELL
41 Cheriton Road
Tufts College
Track 1, 2



EDWARD B. PRATT
119 Billings Road

JANE M. PRAY

11 Gould Street
Forsythe Dental School
Basketball 1, 2, 3; Sailing Club
3; Badminton 3; Ping Pong 3;
Tennis 1; Commercial Awards 1;
Girls' Club 3



RUTH E. RAWSON

85 Cummings Avenue
Wooster College, Ohio
Traffic Squad 3; Yearbook Staff
3; Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Orchestra 2;
String Ensemble 1; A Cappella
Choir 2; Operetta 1; Bowling 3;
Honor Society 2, 3; Honor Roll
1, 2, 3; Girls' Club 3; CD Club 3



BENJAMIN S. PRITCHARD

53 Hamilton Street
Massachusetts Institute of Tech-
nology
Traffic Squad 1, 2, 3; Cafeteria
Squad 1, 2, 3; Rifle Club 3;
Honor Society 2, 3; Honor Roll
1, 2, 3



VINCENT G. REDMAN

6 Clive Street

ELEANOR W. QUIMBY

66 Gould Street
Class Play 3; Swimming Club 3;
Archery 2; Girls' Club 3

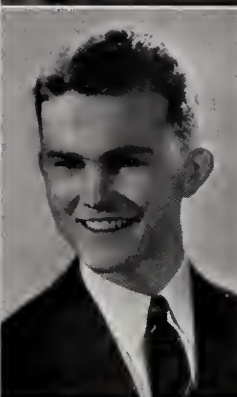


HENRIETTA REID

11 West Elm Avenue
Hickox Secretarial School
Tri-Hi-Y Club 3; Bowling 3;
Girls' Club 3

JEAN RABLIN

277 Atlantic Street
Graves School of Dress Design
Basketball 2, 3; Tri-Hi-Y Club
3; Cafeteria Squad 3; Archery 3;
Ping Pong 3; Bowling 1, 2, 3;
Tennis 2, 3; Girls' Club 3



GEORGE F. RICH

50 Freeman Street
Bowling 3; Rifle Club 2

MARY A. RAUX

80 Edwin Street
Post Graduate
Glee Club 1, 3; Operetta 1;
Bowling 3; Girls' Club 3



RUTH L. RICHARDSON

93 East Elm Avenue
Girls' Club 3

EDWARD H. ROBERTS
83 Safford Street
Motion Picture Operators' Club
3; Grounds Patrol 1, 2, 3



E. DORIS SABOURIN
49 Holmes Street
Tennis 3; Girls' Club 3

RITA M. ROBERTS
127 Atlantic Street
Archery 3; Bowling 2; Girls'
Club 3; Grounds Patrol 2, 3



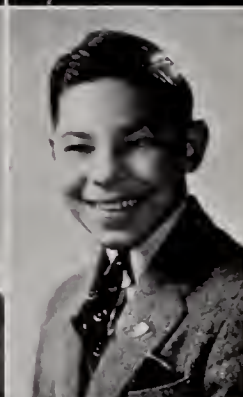
RICHARD L. SANDISON
30 Taylor Street
Lowell Institute
Traffic Squad 3; Bowling 1, 2, 3;
Honor Roll 3

CARL J. ROSS
53 Fershire Street
Wrestling 2; Golf 1, 2, 3; Hi-Y
Club 2; Cafeteria Squad 1, 2



DENNIS L. SANFORD
34 Apthorp Street
Traffic Squad 3; Honor Society
2, 3

ROBERT B. ROSS
64 Hamilton Avenue
Wentworth Institute
Track 1, 2, 3; Cross Country 1,
2; Traffic Squad 2, 3; Glee Club
3; Cafeteria Squad 3



HARRY E. SANSON
51 Willow Street
Boston University
Class Day Committee 3; Traf-
fic Squad 3; *Manet* Staff 3;
Yearbook Staff 3; Honor Society
2, 3; Honor Roll 1, 2

REGINA N. RUPPRECHT
34 Aberdeen Road
Tri-Hi-Y Club 2, 3; News Staff
2; Ping Pong 2; Bowling 2, 3;
Commercial Awards 3; Girls'
Club 3



V. CARL SAUNDERS
1 Dunbarton Road
Boston University
Track 1, 2, 3; Traffic Squad 3

NOEL M. SAWYER
33 Calumet Street
Library Staff 3; Honor Roll 2;
Girls' Club 3; Honor Society 3



MARGARET H. SHEA
79 West Elm Avenue
Fisher Business School
Mancet Staff 3; News Staff 2, 3;
Library Staff 3; Girls' Club 3;
Honor Society 3

HAROLD H. SCOTT
25 Clive Street
Orchestra 1, 2; Band 1, 2, 3



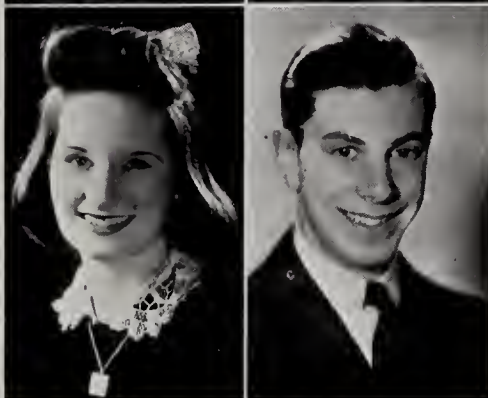
CLAYTON A. SHEPPARD
13 Woodland Street
Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute
Basketball 1, 2, 3; Track 2, 3;
Baseball 1; Hi-Y 3; Glee Club 1

ARTHUR I. SENTER
100 Phillips Street
Northeastern
Track 2, 3; Hi-Y Club 2, 3; Class
Play Publicity Manager 3; Traf-
fic Squad 2, 3; Glee Club 1;
Orchestra 1, 2, 3; Band 1, 2, 3;
Cantata 3



MILTON SHUTE
257 Belmont Street
Georgia Tech
Football 1; Baseball 1, 2, 3;
Class Day Committee 3; Traf-
fic Squad 2; Ping Pong 1, 2;
Bowling 1

ANN D. SHEA
108 Farrington Street
Fanny Farmer's School of Cook-
ery
Girls' Club 3



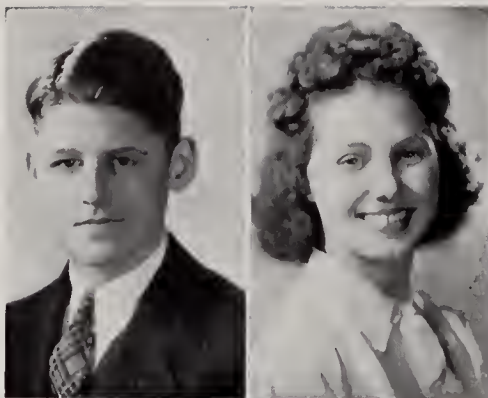
KENNETH D. SIMPSON
317 Atlantic Street
Georgia Tech
Basketball 1, 2, 3; Track 2;
Baseball 1, 3; Cross Country 1;
Hi-Y Club 2, 3; Class Day Com-
mittee 3; Traffic Squad 2, 3;
Cafeteria Squad 3; Ping Pong 1,
2, 3; Bowling 2; Honor Roll 3

FRANCIS F. SHEA
108 Farrington Street
Boston College



MARY G. SITEMAN
21 French Street
Bridgewater Teachers College
Traffic Squad 3; Yearbook Staff
3; Honor Society 2, 3; Honor
Roll 1, 3; Girls' Club 3; CD Club
3; Sailing Club 3; Basketball 1,
3

EDWIN E. SMITH
 39 Elm Avenue
 Tufts College
 Orchestra 2, 3; Band 1, 2, 3;
 Ping Pong 1



EILEEN M. SORTERUP
 25 Hunt Street
 Basketball 2, 3; Cheerleader 3;
 Tri-Hi-Y Club 2, 3; Ping Pong 3;
 Bowling 2, 3; Girls' Club 3

GEORGE C. SMITH
 246 Farrington Street
 Northeastern University
 Track 1, 2, 3; Cross Country 1;
 Hi-Y Club 2, 3; Reception Com-
 mittee 3; Ping Pong 1; Bowling
 1, 2



BARABRA M. STEPHANSKY
 103 Homes Street
 Quincy City Hospital
 Yearbook Staff 3; Archery 1, 2,
 3; Ping Pong 1, 3; Girls' Club 3

MARGARET A. SMITH
 7 Clement Terrace
 Archery 3; Ping Pong 3; Bowling
 2; Tennis 3; Girls' Club 3;
 Basketball 3



MARY E. ST. JOHN
 50 President's Lane
 Quincy Hospital Nurses' Train-
 ing School
 Class Day Committee 3; Can-
 tata 3; Honor Roll 1; Girls' Club
 3

MORTON L. SMITH
 519 Quincy Shore Drive
 Wentworth Institute
 Bowling 3



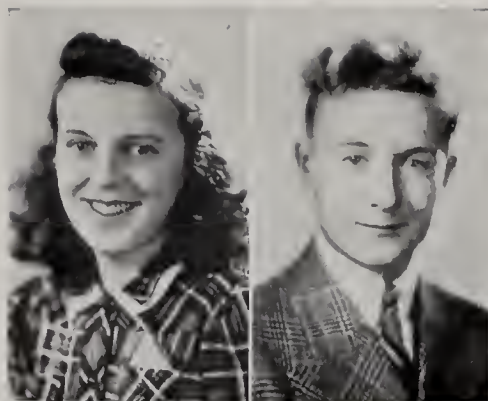
DONALD T. STEVENS
 198 Beach Street
 Suffolk University School of
 Journalism.
 Track 1; Cross Country 1

ARTHUR SORENSEN
 46 Brunswick Street
 Vesper George School of Art
 Tennis 2



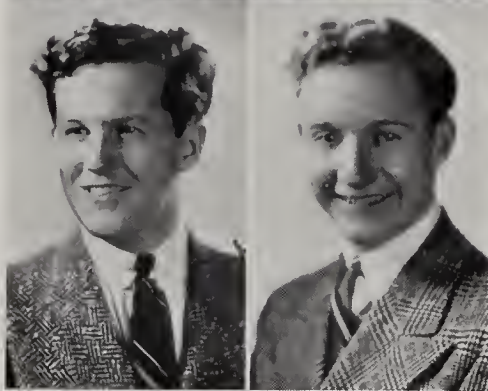
EDWARD STEVENS
 20 Standish Road
 Wentworth Institute

LOUISE A. STURGIS
89 Henry Street
Quincy Hospital
Girls' Club 3; Grounds Patrol 2



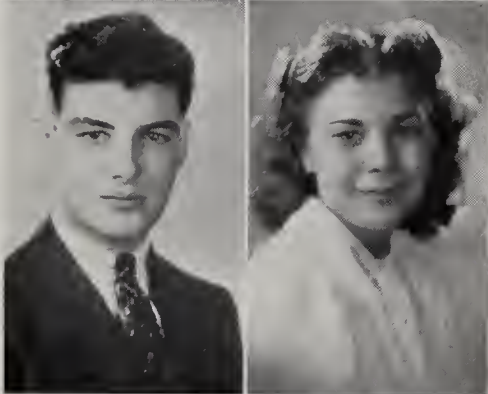
JOHN N. TERRIO
153 Newbury Avenue
Notre Dame
Track 2, 3; Cheerleader 2, 3;
Cross Country 2, 3; Hi-Y Club
3; Class Play Prompter 1; Re-
ception Committee 3; Class Day
Committee 3; Yearbook Staff 3

JAMES F. SULLIVAN
67 Sharon Road
Tufts College
Track 2; Photography 3



LAWRENCE R. TERRIO
153 Newbury Avenue
Nortre Dame
Track 2, 3; Cheerleader 2, 3;
Cross Country 2, 3; Hi-Y Club 3;
Reception Committee 3; Year-
book Staff 3

WILLIAM L. SWEENEY
131 Fayette Street
Colby College
Football 1, 2, 3; Basketball 1;
Track 2; Wrestling 2; Hi-Y Club
2, 3; Cafeteria Squad 3; Ping
Pong 1, 2, 3; Bowling 1, 2; Ten-
nis 1, 2, 3; Class Day Commit-
tee 3; Traffic Squad 2, 3; CD
Club 3



GWENDOLYN F. TOBEY
138 Waterston Avenue
Chamberlain School
Library Staff 3; Ping Pong 3;
Bowling 3; Girls' Club 3

GAIL H. TAYLOR
70 Glover Avenue
Girls' Club 3



RITA A. TODD
30 Gladstone Street
Bryant & Stratton
Tri-Hi-Y Club 2, 3; Bowling 3;
Commercial Awards 2, 3; Girls'
Club 3

PAULINE E. TAYLOR
85 Sachem Street
Girls' Club 3



WILLIAM J. TODD
226 Wilson Avenue
Northeastern University
Basketball 1, 2; Track 1, 2, 3;
Golf 3; Cross Country 1; Hi-Y
Club 3; Class Play Property
Committee 3; Reception Com-
mittee Usher 2, 3; Class Day
Committee 3

FRANK S. TRECO
131 Phillips Street
Northeastern University
Football 3; Track 2; Hi-Y Club
3; Rifle Club 3; Class Play 1



MELVIN WALDFOGEL
79 Sharon Road
University of North Carolina
Class Play 3; Yearbook Staff 3;
Class Day Committee 3; Band
1; Photography 3; Honor Roll 1;
Honor Society 3

THOMAS L. UNDERWOOD
132 Holbrook Road
Colby College
Football 1, 2, 3; Basketball 1, 2,
3; Track 1, 2, 3; Baseball 3;
Student Council 2, 3; Ping Pong
1, 2; Bowling 1; Athletic Council
3



SALLY R. WALKER
47 East Elm Avenue
Lasell College
Tri-Hi-Y Club 3; Horseback
Riding 2, 3; Commercial Awards
2; Girls' Club 3

MARGUERITE M. VANN
277 Harvard Street
Marlborough Secretarial School
Reception Committee 3; Horse-
back Riding 1, 2; Girls' Club 3;
Honor Society 3



MARJORIE A. WALSH
49 Barham Avenue
Tri-Hi-Y Club 2, 3; Girls' Club 3

E. AUDREY VEALE
95 Vassal Street
Lasell Junior College
Reception Committee 3; Arch-
ery 3; Horseback Riding Club 3;
Bowling 2, 3; Girls' Club 3



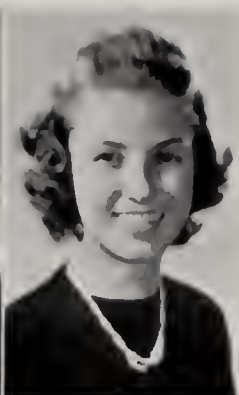
RITA A. WALSH
132 Elliot Avenue
Bridgewater State Teachers Col-
lege
Basketball 3; Tri-Hi-Y Club 2,
3; Yearbook Staff 3; Glee Club 1,
2; CD Club 3; A Cappella Choir
2; Operetta 1; Girls' Club 3

WILLIAM O. VEDOE
58 Cheriton Road
Northeastern University
Track 1, 2, 3; Hi-Y Club 1, 2, 3;
Rifle Club 3



FRANKLIN WALTER
82 Elliot Avenue
Tufts College
Track 1; Hockey 2; Cross
Country 1, 2; Hi-Y Club 2, 3;
Reception Committee 3; Traffic
Squad 2, 3; Student Council 3;
Cafeteria Squad 2; Ping Pong 1;
Honor Roll 1, 2, 3; Honor So-
ciety 3

JAMES S. WARREN
81 Beach Street
Rifle Club 3



GRACE I. WEYMOUTH
264 Elmwood Avenue
Basketball 3; Reception Committee 3; Tri-Hi-Y Club 2, 3; Bowling 2; Girls' Club 3

CHARLES R. WATKINS
84 Webster Street
U. S. Coast Guard Academy
Football 1, 2; Hockey 2; Hi-Y Club 1; Traffic Squad 3; Ping Pong 1; Bowling 1, 2; Tennis 1, 2



DOROTHY WHISTON
62 Hamilton Street
Class Play 3; *Manet* Staff 2, 3; Yearbook Staff 3; News Staff 2, 3; Glee Club 1, 2, 3; A Cappella Choir 2; Operetta 1; Girls' Club 3

ELEANOR M. WELLS
70 Buckingham Road
Post Graduate
Reception Committee 3; Archery 2, 3; Horseback Riding Club 2, 3; Bowling 3; Girls' Club 3



ESTHER E. WHITNEY
36 Birch Street
Bates College
Glee Club 1; Archery 2, 3; Bowling 3; Tennis 1; Honor Roll 3; Girls' Club 3; Honor Society 3

H. GRAFTON WELSH
8 Sharon Road
Track 1, 2; Cross Country 2, 3; Hi-Y Club 3; Sailing Club 3; Photography 1; Ping Pong 3; Traffic Squad 3



LABAN H. WHITTAKER
183 Arlington Street
Vesper George School of Art
Hockey 1, 2; Hi-Y Club 2, 3; Traffic Squad 2, 3; Yearbook Staff 3; News Staff 3; Tennis 2, 3

NORMA JEAN WESTERLING
76 Harvard Street
Chandler Secretarial School
Reception Committee 3; Tri-Hi-Y Club 2, 3; Yearbook Staff 3; Photography 2; Ping Pong 2; Tennis 1, 3; Girls' Club 3



ALBA B. WILKINSON
191 East Squantum Street
Girls' Club 3

ANNA M. WILLIAMS
324 Hancock Street
Glee Club 2; Cafeteria Squad 1,
2, 3; Archery 2; Horseback Rid-
ing Club 1, 2; Honor Society 2,
3; Honor Roll 2; Girls' Club 3



FREDERICK H. G.
WRIGHT
31 Rawson Road
Annapolis
Traffic Squad 1, 2, 3; Glee Club
3; Cantata 3; Rifle Club 3;
Honor Society 2, 3; Honor Roll
2, 3



MARGRETTA WOOD
15 North Central Avenue
Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Operetta 1;
Library Staff 3; Honor Society 2,
3; Honor Roll 2; Student Coun-
cil 3



EDWARD B. YOUNG
69 Botolph Street
Boston University
Track 2, 3; Hockey 2; Orchestra
1; Band 1, 2, 3



SHIRLEY T. WOOD
157 Vassall Street
Archery 3; Horseback Riding
Club 1, 2, 3



LOUISE M. YOUNG
59 Waterson Avenue
Boston University
Yearbook Staff 3; News Staff 2,
3; Girls' Club 3



MARY F. YOUNG
85 Belmont Street
St. Elizabeth's Hospital Train-
ing School
Girls' Club 3; Basketball 2;
Archery 2

JAMES F. BERRY
35 Berlin Street

FLORENCE E. CASELEY
9 Calumet Street
Orchestra 1, 2, 3; Operetta 1;
Girls' Club 3

WILLIAM W. CHASE
18 Faxon Road
Baseball 2, 3

EDWIN J. COSGROVE
147 Fenno Street

LOWELL E. CRUTCHER
33 Cummings Avenue

DONALD C. DOWLING
51 Faxon Road
Bank Messenger
Football 3; Basketball 3; Track
3; Golf 1; Cafeteria Squad 2;
Bowling 2; Athletic Council 1;
Hockey 1; Reception Commit-
tee 1

MARGARET A. EATON
143 Billings Street
Girls' Club 3

GEORGE FEINSTEIN
28 Newfield Street
Baseball Manager 1; Ping Pong 1

PAUL J. GEARY
47 Willow Street

NORMA T. GILBERT
47 Chester Street
Commercial Awards 3; Honor
Roll 1; Girls' Club 3

NORA B. GOULD
18 Myrtle Street
Fisher Business School
Photography 3; Library Staff 3

MILDRED G. HIRTLE
113 Atlantic Street
Library Staff 1, 2; Girls' Club 3

RUTH A. HUENEKE
13 Appelton Street

ARTHUR G. JACKSON
111 Atlantic Street
Tennis 2, 3

JAMES H. KIRBY
198 Taylor Street

CHRISTINE F. KISSICK
138 Faxon Road
Girls' Club 3

EDWARD F. LANDREY
68 Aberdeen Road
Horseback Riding 1; Rifle Club 2

PETER B. MACOMBER
66 Crabtree Road
Amherst College
Traffic Squad 3; Bowling 3;
Honor Society 3

LUCILLE MANUELIAN
120 Hillside Avenue
Boston University
Glee Club 2; Commercial
Awards 3; Girls' Club 3

ALBERTA C. MATTOCKS
R. Free Delivery Gonic,
New Hampshire

JOHN NELSON
200 West Squantum Street
Bentley's School of Accounting
and Finance
Baseball 2

ROBERT A. PETERSON
61 Freeman Street
Franklin Union
Track 1; Cross Country 1; Band
2, 3; Rifle Club 3; Wrestling 1;
Hi-Y Club 1

VIRGINIA M. PHELAN
29 Macy Street
Quincy City Hospital
Girls' Club 3

GERARD A. PROULX
84 Farrington Street

LEONARD SITTINGER
41 Lunt Street
Hickox Secretarial School
Photography 3; Bowling 3

ERNEST A. SMAIL
211 Elmwood Avenue
Massachusetts Nautical School
Track 2

RICHARD A. SOLITO
49 Cushing Street

DOROTHEA C. SUPPLE
16 Sherman Street
Massachusetts School of Art
Grounds Patrol 1, 2; Tennis 3;
Girls' Club 3

FRANK W. SYMONDS
47 Vane Street

ESTHER C. WARD
36 Appleton Street
Bowling 2



Class Will

WE, THE Class of 1940 of North Quincy High School, having for years observed the faculty, the students, the customs, and traditions of our beloved institution, do hereby set down in this, our last will and testament, what we, after deep and thoughtful consideration, do deem proper and fitting.

Article I

We give and bequeath to "Capt." James S. Collins of the S.S. North Quincy and all his crew our deepest thanks and appreciation for having successfully steered us clear of all dangerous, uncharted rocks and reefs.

Article II

We give and bequeath to Mr. Smoyer who, like Macbeth, has so often contemplated murder, one blank cartridge pistol.

Article III

We give and bequeath to Miss Webstersmith one new, gleaming, glistening, sparkling Mercedes-Benz, for it pains us to see une dame qui travaille d'une maniere superbe et qui a bien reussi flitting about in a mere 1940 Buick "Limited."

Article IV

We give and bequeath to Miss Crockett a list of past, present, and future male members of North to use for reference in her "Date Bureau."

Article V

We give and bequeath to Mr. Hofferty the Shirley Temples and Mickey Rooneys of the Class of 1941 with which to produce the ever popular play *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*.

Article VI

We give and bequeath to Mr. Bridges one tinkling teddy-bear, which may be taken apart and re-assembled by a child of ten in as many minutes.

Article VII

We give and bequeath to Miss Christman the rights and property on which to establish a Wee Evening Dresse Shoppe, containing the where-withal to outfit her future cantatas.

Article VIII

We give and bequeath to Mr. Donahue a golden-haired dummy named Shan Eridan who will make the boys put real "oomph" into those practise tackles.

Article IX

We give and bequeath to Mr. Foy a moving-picture camera so that he may record the few and sundry items of news for the "News of North" which his ever vigilant reporters fail to see.

Article X

We give and bequeath to Mr. Phillips the recently published book "How to Get a Job and the Boss's Daughter in 10 Easy Lessons" for use in his P. V. A. classes.

Article XI

We give and bequeath to Mr. Jack a new change making machine to speed up things at the basket-ball games.

Article XII

We give and bequeath to Mr. Rainer and Miss Fogg a new electric refrigerator in which to keep the pickled frogs so that the odor of Formaldehyde will not be wafted into the corridor every time a science-room door is opened.

Article XIII

We give and bequeath to the teachers as a whole a newly invented Detention Slip with an automatic date changer so that for perpetual offenders a new slip need not be made out, (merely the date on the old one changed).

Article XIV

We give and bequeath to Mr. Sylvia, the MINUTE man of North, a series of photo electric eyes so placed that they will sound a general alarm if anyone inopportunately steps outside of the official school grounds.

Article XV

We give and bequeath to the Cafeteria Squad one Master Finger Print Set, so that they may trace the people who leave lunch dishes on the tables.

Article XVI

We give and bequeath to every scholarly student of next year's senior class, who is to take physics or fourth year mathematics, a guarantee that he or she will at no time be engaged by either of these studies for more than six hours at a stretch.

Article XVII

We give and bequeath for Room 319 black-board erasers and rubber inkwells which we guarantee, regardless of how hard they are thrown, will not inflict serious damage upon the crania (skulls) of the unfortunate recipients of these missiles.

Article XVIII

We do give, devise, and bequeath to the Class of 1941, the fun and learning contained within the portals of our Alma Mater. Also, we give them the right to keep under control all the little seventh graders who pop up under their feet.

However, we do stipulate that all rights and privileges which North extends to them shall be treated with respect and pride by the Class of 1941 as they were by the Class of 1940.

Therefore, we, the Class of 1940, the aforesaid party of the first part, do hereby set our seal to this our Last Will and Testament on this the first day of March, 1940 in the presence of the witnesses who herewith sign their names.

Lois Dwight,

Melvin Waldfogel,

Attorneys at Law

Kris Kringle,

Recorder of Good Deeds

Simon Legree,

Ghost of a Study Room Teacher

Literary

THE MAN WITH THE HOMEWORK

Bowed by the weight of assignments
he leans
Upon his desk and gazes at the book,
The bewilderment of learning in his
face,
And o'er his head the threat of College-
Boards.
Who made him dead to dances and to
shows,
A thing that smiles not and that never
laughs,
Worried and bored, a slave to all his
books?
Who assigned and required this shape
to cram?
Whose was the hand that threatened
it with "D"?
Whose hand dealt out the weight of
all these books?

Is this the thing the Lord God made
and gave
To have complete control of Math and
French;
To date the girls and spend all sorts
of dough;
To feel the gayety of Youthfulness?
Is this the dream they dream who
teach the kids
And mark their grades upon the fatal
card?
Down all the halls of North to its last
room
There is no boy nor girl more stale
than this—
More tired of study in a boring course
More filled with verbs and endings
for a test—
More packed with knowledge for the
future's work.

What gulfs between him and the foot-
ball field!

Slave of the whims of teachers, what
to him
Are stomping and the Goucho
Serenade?
What good the swell tunes of the Hit
Parade,
The comic sheet, the sporting gaudy
clothes?
Through these dimmed eyes four
burdening courses look;
Trig's formulas are in that aching
head;
Through this tired shape perplexity
portrayed,
Scolded, detained, and laden with
homework,
Cries protest to all teachers of the
school,
A protest that is always overlooked.

O Smoyers, Jaeks, and Leavitts in all
rooms,
Is this the youthful thing you mold
for life.
This weary, worried bit of mortal
clay?
How will you ever bolster up this drip;
Touch it again with pep an' energy;
Give back the carefree living and the
smile;
Renew in it the Spring and gayety;
Fulfill the expectations of its folks
In spite of C-grade work and ill-timed
pranks?

O MacDonalds, Webstersmiths in all
classrooms,
How will the future reckon with this
boy?
Will he be ready for that time to come
When tribulations wreck the best-laid
plans?
How will it be with teachers and with
guides—
With you who try to teach him Math
and French—

When this young man must rise to
lead the world,
And strive to prove his destiny and
yours?

SNOW AND LIFE

Some see only icy blasts
From which they cringe
Or shudder, shake, and shiver
And turn a bluer tinge.

No beauty theirs, from shining light
Off crystal ice;
No smooth, encrusted spears
Their wond'ring gaze entice.

They never strode along, alone
Through snowy arch
Nor saw the brilliant path
Where God's white legions march.

The snow o'er pit and crag and mire
Covers all.
The soil's cruel scar
Rests in an ermine shawl.

Man labors long, both night and day
To build a town.
It'd take an army months
To crush, to knock it down.

Yet over all this city strong
The white snow falls.
Now, man, where is your city?
Where are your tow'ring walls?

The paintings of the greatest men
Beyond compare
Are so much splattered canvas
With anything so fair

As winter's day in all its dress
Of startling white
While frigid winds are blowing,
While frosty ice gleams bright.
—Frank Flynn

EAST MEETS EAST

Betty LeClair

"Finished cleaning my shoes,
Marie?"

"Yes, Madam."

"Then you may polish my bracelet."

Marie caught the beautiful, sparkling piece of jewelry which the other woman tossed carelessly into her lap.

"The public, you know, demands glitter in their stars. So we give them glitter, the poor fools!" Lola LaMay, hailed from coast to coast as the sweetheart of the silver screen, ground a cigarette butt savagely under a smartly shod foot, and rose gracefully to her full five feet six inches of blond loveliness. "I'm going out on the observation platform for a breath of air. Two days in this caboose are enough to drive one mad."

Left to herself, Marie settled down to enjoy the luxury of the private compartment of the Pacific Flier. She tossed her apron into the seat opposite, thankful to be free, if only for a moment, of that badge of servility she so detested. She slipped the diamond bracelet on her own smooth, round arm, and regarded it intently and critically. Certainly it looked no less beautiful against the warm olive of her skin than it had on the cold alabaster white arm of Lola LaMay. With an air she had often observed in her mistress, Marie tucked a stray curl into place on her sleek, black head.

"Mah public," she mimicked, "demands glittah, so-o-o we give them glittah, doncher know!" Then, dropping all pretense Marie sat, chin cupped in hand, staring out into the blur of sage and desert as the train sped by. "What's she got that I haven't, I'd like to know?" Not looks, surely. Marie had plenty of those herself. Different perhaps from the statuesque beauty of the screen idol; a more vital, rather Latin type of beauty, but none the less captivating for that. She shrugged her shoulders, a gesture typical of the girl. "Oh, well, it's the breaks, I guess."

Suddenly, Marie was startled out of her reverie by the jolting halt of the train. Opening the window with some difficulty, she looked out.

Up at the head of the delayed limited a panting locomotive drank thirstily in thousand gallon gulps. Miniature men struggled with the water spout, while beside the track a sweating conductor, watch in hand, counted the seconds. Engine and watertower danced and quivered in the blistering heat. Under the blazing sun a little station formed a squat silhouette against the limitless expanse of the desert. A saddled, spotted cow-pony stood motionless, head low, beside the platform. A large young man, with blue eyes intently fixed on Marie's face, stood beneath the train window.

Marie, with a confidence born of her own luxurious surroundings leaned her pretty head slightly from the open window and spoke to this interesting stranger from a different world—a harder world. A man's world.

Are you a real cowboy?"

"I reckon," the man replied laconically. The question was superfluous. From high crowned hat to high-heeled boots the tall one's garb proclaimed his calling. Gaudy scarf and leather chaps fairly shouted "cowpuncher."

"It's so refreshing," Marie drawled the words in the same tone she had so often heard fall from the lips of Lola LaMay when the latter thought it worth the effort to impress someone, "so-o-o refreshing to meet someone real. At the studio all is so false—so artificial, don't you know."

"I reckon." Gloved thumbs hooked into a full cartridge belt; fancy boots planted a wider angle; spurs jingled. Suddenly a flash of interest widened the insolent eyes under the shadow of the sombrero.

"Say!" he blurted, "You—are you a—movie actress?"

"I'm on my way back to Hollywood." Boredom was evident in her tone. She smothered a yawn, politely, elegantly. Desert sun struck fire and lightning from the magnificent diamond bracelet that followed the languorous movement. "My contract, you know,—my public—." Marie's words were lost in a clash of iron on iron and hiss of released air as the train, its thirst quenched, resumed its interrupted flight to the Pacific.

"Marie!" called Lola LaMay from within the dim coolness of the drawing room; her voice, complaining, insistent. "Marie, close the window, please. The cinders, you know. Haven't you finished cleaning my bracelet yet? Hurry, please! It's nearly time for me to dress, and you haven't done my hair yet."

The words fell unheeded on Marie's ears. With dreamy eyes she stared into the cactus dotted wasteland—

'A real cowboy!' she murmured.

Absently she slipped the bracelet from her arm; reached for her little white apron.

Back on the station platform the Man of the West stood motionless, watching the train dissolve in the shimmering emptiness. . . .

"Gee!" he muttered, "A movie star!"

He strolled from the platform, untied his horse, and managed an awkward mount. Slowly he rode out to the dude ranch where he was boarding.

THE LADY IN BLUE

Anna Williams

Myra Thrush lay on her bed, her eyes closed. Her slim, agile figure was wrapped in an ill-fitting, blue cotton dress, and stockings of a coarse material. Placed near the bed were shoes, scuffed, and evidently built for hard wear. Her hair, which fell in soft, loose waves about her

shoulders, was light brown with glints of gold. Her face was pale; her eyes dreamy and pensive. Her smile faded as she gazed upon the barren walls of her room.

"What a fool I am!" she exclaimed aloud. "Here I am thinking about how lucky I am to be promoted when the main office hasn't sent me word. Even if Miss Welles knows what she is talking about, I shouldn't count so much on gossip. If it ever fell through now after the way I've congratulated myself, I'll just—!"

Myra suddenly rose from her meditation, realizing that there was work to be done. She methodically washed her stockings and flopped lazily into bed to resume her interrupted dreaming. As she snuggled down under the seanty covers, she thought pleasantly of her husband, John Thrush, in Philadelphia. It helped a great deal to know that he still wanted her to come home to him. Until she was successful, Myra reminded herself, she could not. If this promotion came through, well—. Myra gave way to blessed sleep.

The next morning, punctual as ever, Myra was busy at her machine, working noisily, occasionally exchanging a remark with the girl at the next machine. She glanced up as Miss O'Neil's prim figure came toward her. Miss O'Neil was her immediate superior and possessed a curt voice which was in perfect accord with her icy expression.

"Miss Thrush, report to Mr. Miller's office immediately. Miss Wilson will continue your work," she rasped.

Wow! thought Myra. Mr. Miller was No 2 man and there were but two reasons for being sent to him. And she hadn't, Myra convinced herself, disobeyed any of the numerous rules of the organization. Her advancement must be going through better than she had dared to anticipate.

Myra knew the system that the

employees of the organization were under. The more diligent, trustworthy, and dependable you were, the faster you gained a better position. Myra remembered the work she had done when she first entered the organization. She had disliked it, but in order to be advanced, she had done her best. Now after five promotions in a little over a year, it might be that she would receive some "special reward." Mr. Miller had a very special way of rewarding these exceptional workers. None of the other organizations similar to this one employed it, yet Mr. Miller was convinced it was best for both the organization and the worker, and he had gone to great labor and trouble to establish this plan.

Myra appeared ignorant of the admiring glances of the other workers and marched sedately into the corridor. As she entered Mr. Miller's office, she repeated over and over to herself, "I mustn't count too much on it; I mustn't; I mustn't."

Miss Fulton, Mr. Miller's secretary, motioned her to be seated. "Mr. Miller is busy at present, but will see you shortly, Miss Thrush. Please be seated," she said in a monotone.

As she walked toward the designated seat, Myra glanced fearfully in the glass of an imposing bookcase to regain her confidence that her hair was as neat as pins and combing could make it, and that her blue frock was unrumpled. While arranging herself in the chair, Myra recalled how she had worked for this promotion. She remembered her marriage to John Thrush which ended a misguided past and made life again worth living. How foolish she had been to think she could escape her just reward. Yes, she had left John. Myra knew that until she had succeeded, she could never return to him. From the time she had entered Mr. Miller's organization, she had borne in mind the resolution

to succeed through hard work and earnest effort. She had tried, Myra admitted. Mr. Miller had recognized her merit; so had Miss Welles when she recommended Myra for promotion.

Myra stopped day-dreaming and scanned the office. This was but the second time she had been in it. My, but it was small, and drab. The high walls were slate gray, the floors and woodwork somber walnut. Its one redeeming feature was the huge mahogany bookcase she had seen before. It was at least seven feet high—seven feet of polished wood and glittering glass behind which reposed volumes of books, thick and unused, as was proved by the thin film of dust, barely perceptible to the eye. Most of them were legal books; on some it was impossible to make out the title. From the window she could see the constant stream of people along the main road, and the heavy traffic speeding by.

Her rambling thoughts were interrupted by the appearance of Mr. Miller in the doorway of the inner office.

"Come in, Miss Thrush," he said in a courteous tone. "It's been a long time since you have visited this office."

Myra, glancing at the title on the door, nodded in mute agreement.

Myra came out from her visit radiantly flushed. She accepted the congratulations of her co-workers absent-mindedly and returned to her machine.

At her first leisure moment she borrowed stationery and penned the following letter to her husband. Her

eyes sparkled as she wrote each line.

The next evening a young man in an apartment in Philadelphia read eagerly the following message. A happy light flickered across his face as he read and re-read each line.

January 24, 1940

Mr. John L. Thrush

Keystone Apartments
114 Torresdale Court
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Dear John:

Mrs. John L. Thrush (that's me) received formal notification of her promotion effective tomorrow to the position of Assistant Trustee. Said position will terminate with her departure in three months at which time she will return to her husband, Mr. John L. Thrush, (that's you). Happy day, John, I'm free in three months!

Love,
Myra
Mrs. John L. Thrush

Graystone Women's Penitentiary
Graystone, New Jersey

Waiting there with heart of lead,
Thoughts and minds benumbed by
dread,
There in silence deep as death,
There the boldest holds his breath,
Tries in vain to conquer fears,
As the dreaded words he hears,
"Voulez-vous commencez?"

John Frye

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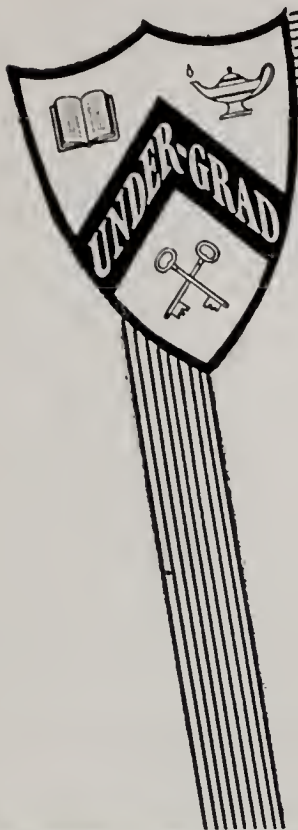
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Journey's End . . .

Life is truly a journey and sometimes soon forgotten. Mankind, however, has been given various methods whereby precious memories may be recorded.

Commencement time often marks the end of school and college life for many. Recollections of these happy days and events have been preserved between the covers of this annual.

Entrusted with the responsibility of printing this edition, our craftsmen have endeavored to make this book one which you will treasure, until . . .

Journey's End

WARREN PRESS

160 WARREN STREET

Incorporated 1860

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Autographs . . .

403 Russell Ave., EF 514
Gaithersburg, MD 20877

July 10, 2007

North Quincy High School
316 Hancock Street
North Quincy , MA 02171

Dear Principal:

Re: Margretta Wood Willard, NQHS Class 1940

There is a question I have had since graduation. Is there a chance I won a college scholarship? I had hoped and worked hard to become an elementary school teacher. I had loved school from my first day, which I recall. It was disappointing when I did not learn of such success.

After graduation I attended Burette College in Boston, evenings, while working as a typist days and I graduated with honor. My next job was with an old company, Massachusetts Hospital Life Insurance Company, an old company at 50 State Street, as a statistical typist and secretary.

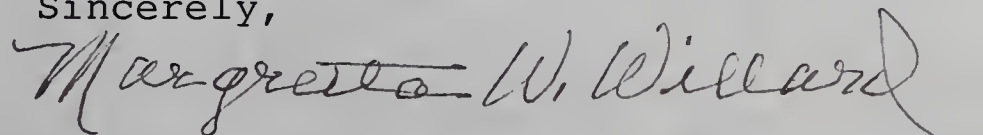
After about six years, a new job as secretary to a president of a company (name forgotten) on Congress St, I traveled to London with my parents, going by ship. My dad was employed by Stone & Webster, and Dad was being sent to London for an indefinite time. My mother refused to go unless I went with them. It was a most difficult choice, but I did go with my parents. I enjoyed a wonderful five months in war-torn London and nearby countryside.

In the spring of 1950 I returned to Wollaston and was married 52 years to Edward Buck Willard, also a NQHS graduate as well as Massachusetts State University. We traveled around the United States a year later .

My husband died in 1901. We are the proud parents of three successful children and 10 remarkable grandchildren.

It does not change my life a bit, but I would like to know if I did win a scholarship. College was my dream in high school. My life has been a wonderful one so far--I am 85 years old.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Margretta W. Willard". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned above the printed name.

Margretta Wood Willard

